

Mevlânâ  
Celâleddîn  
Rumi

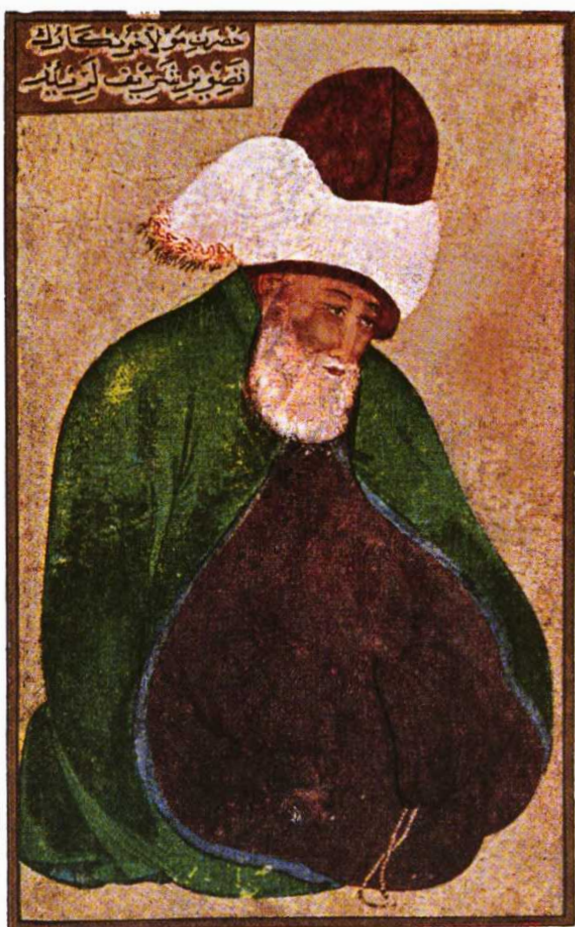
Dîvân-î Kebîr  
Meter 7b

Translated by Nevit O. Ergin

**Mevlânâ Celâleddîn**  
**Rumi**

**Dîvân-i Kebîr**  
**Meter 7b**

**Translated by Nevit O. Ergin**



Mevlânâ Celâleddîn Rumi

 **Ministry of Culture Publications of the Republic of Turkey/1950**

**Dîvân-i Kebîr**

**Meter 7b**

**Mevlânâ Celâleddîn Rumi**

**Translated by Nevit Oguz Ergin**

**Echo Publications**

**San Clemente, California USA**

# **Dîvân-i Kebîr**

**Copyright © 1995**

**by  
Nevit Oguz Ergin**

**All rights are reserved. With proper acknowledgment,  
permission will be granted for parts of this book to be  
reproduced by others  
in their efforts to bring Mevlana Celâleddîn Rumi  
to the attention of the general public.**

**ISBN: 1-887991-0707**

**First Printing 1997  
in the United States of America  
in a joint publication  
by**

**Turkish Republic of Culture**

**ISBN: 975-17-1505-9 (set)  
975-17-1856-2 (vol.)**

**&  
Echo Publications  
298 Calle Cuervo  
San Clemente, California 92672**



Leather binding of *Divân-i Kebîr* (c.1368)  
registered at the Mevlânâ Museum in Konya.

## Translator's Notes

A few poems from the Divan-i Kebir appeared in the German language as early as 1818, translated from the Farsi by Joseph Von Hammer Purgstall (1774-1856) and, in 1819 by Friedrich Ruchert (1788-1866), according to Annemarie Schimmel.

The first English translation of forty-eight poems from the Divan was published by Reynold A. Nicholson in 1898 under the name of "Selected Poems from the Divan-i Sham-i Tabriz" However, much interest was directed to the Mesnevi by J.W. Redhouse, E.H. Whimfield and, eventually, R. A. Nicholson completed the translation of the entire Mesnevi (1925-40) in eight volumes as "The Mathnawi of Jalauddin Rumi." This magnificent work became the source of inspiration to the contemporary poets and writers. So many wonderful books that have been published in the last twenty years have their roots in that fertile land of the Mesnevi.

After Nicholson, Professor A.J. Arberry (1905-73) published his translation of two hundred poems as, "Mystical Poems of Rumi, I." Manuscripts of another two hundred poems were found by Arberry's daughter after his death in 1973. Those were also published, "Mystical Poems of Rumi, II.

The source of all these English translations of the Divan was Badi al-Zaman Furzanfer's Kulliyat-i Shams, 8 volumes, published in Tehran in 1957-1966.

The Mesnevi is 25,618 verses in a different structure than the Divan. It has only one meter. The first eighteen verses were written by Mevlana. The rest of them by Husameddin Celebi, from 1258 to just before his death. It is six volumes and also has several books of commentary.

The Divan-i Kebir is in divan form and has twenty-one meters. It was started after Mevlana met Shems of Tebriz and has well over 40,000 verses. We don't know of any one poem that Mevlana actually wrote. He recited poems while living his daily life, responding to any par-

ticular question or event, and they were put on paper by scribes known as Katib al esrar (Secretary of Secrets.) Most of the poems came to Mevlana while he was doing Sema, with ecstasy.

Poems of the Divan-i Kebir are written mostly in colloquial 13th-century Khorasan and Farsi, but also in Arabic, Turkish and occasionally even Greek. The language and style of the messages are all the same in the Divan, as well as the Mesnevi. Considering the Mesnevi as didactic and the Divan more lyric is a wrong assumption.

The Divan, unfortunately, was not put together by Mevlana, or anyone around him during his lifetime. After Mevlana's death, his poems were passed from hand to hand. Some were surely lost, while sometimes, other's poems were attributed to him.

At that time many handwritten Divans came into existence. Naturally, some more authentic than others.

At almost the same time that Furuzanfer was completing the Kulliyat-i Shams, Turkish scholar, Abdalbaki Golpinarli was translating the Divan, which was written in Farsi in 1368 by Osman Oglu Hasan and registered in Konya at the Konya Mevlana museum, into Turkish.

Golpinarli utilized several other Divans, as well as Furuzanfer's Kulliyat-i Shams. The translation of his first volume came in 1957 and the last, the seventh, was published in 1974.

Golpinarli was from a family with the Mevlevi tradition. His Farsi and Arabic was good enough to translate, not only the Divan-i Kebir but the rest of Mevlana's works (Mesnevi - Fihi Ma-Fih, seven sermons, Mevlana's letters, his Rubais and Kuran, Divan-i Hafiz and others. Altogether he wrote about fifty-five very valuable books.

My English translation of the Divan-i Kebir started approximately ten years ago. In order to be close to Mevlana, it is not enough to know English, Farsi or Turkish. As he says in the Mesnevi II p.249, v.56:

"Soul is a friend of knowledge and reason.  
Soul has nothing to do with Arabic or Turkish."



He also said,

"In order to smell my fragrance, you must die first."

Naturally, this is annihilation before death.

The Divan-i Kebir is like a mine field. One cannot know when his mind, his soul will be blown out. Maybe that is one of the reasons the Divan-i Kebir has been kept from the novice and the fundamentalist.

Nevit O. Ergin  
Valencia, California

# Divân-i Kebîr

Meter 76

Bahri Muctez

*Mefâilün failatün mefâilün failün*

## **ACKNOWLEDGMENTS**

**I would like to extend my cordial thanks to Terry Peart  
for her tireless work editing and typing the manuscript.**

**Also my gratitude to  
the Minister of Culture of the Republic of Turkey,  
Mr. Isternihan Talay,  
and his deputy,  
Professor Dr. Osman Tekin Aybas,  
for their continued support.  
And to my dear friend, Veli Kalay,  
for his encouragement.**

**archegos**

*Verse 1883*

When Shemseddin was borne from Tebriz  
 Like a Moon and came, the sun and Moon  
 Wore his service belt  
 And became slave and servant to him.

When his bright face becomes an eye  
 To human's eyes;  
 Humans are able to see God.

Angels are walking in front of him like messengers.  
 The rose is prostrating by putting  
 Its rose-face to the ground in front of him.

It is impossible to see his face  
 With the eyes of the head,  
 Because self cannot look at him.  
 It doesn't have the power for that.

There is a quality of emerald  
 At the garnet lips of the Moon-faced beauty.  
 For that reason, the dragon of self closed its eyes.

The tree of the one which  
 Did not bend its head, took the lead;  
 Is not saved from the saw of annihilation,  
 And the wounds of the ax.

But now when the Moon is hidden,  
 My eyes are shedding tears like rain  
 Because of the cloud of separation.

If teardrops haven't mixed  
With the blood of the liver,  
His face would become green  
With the tears of my eyes.

The liver is for compassion and mercy.  
Compassion comes from the liver.<sup>1</sup>  
Perhaps for that reason, eyes run for his help.

Every part of the house knows about love,  
The way the palace spokesman  
Carries news from the sultan.

If you want to know,  
Stay away from the ignorant.  
The flock that doesn't have any news  
Is no different than a bunch of dogs.

The one who becomes a peer to death,  
Turns you into a bench  
On which the corpse is washed.  
The one who becomes the husband to death  
Is even worse than that.

If you look at Jesus,  
Look at Him with begging eyes so you will be cured.  
Don't close your eyes to Jesus' eyes.  
Don't cover your head.  
Don't look at His donkey instead of Him.

If the grape hangs around with the jar of vinegar,  
It's wine becomes sour.  
The friend of the wine is the jar  
In which the plants will be pickled.

Do whatever is necessary to break  
The jar of vinegar, and run outside  
So honey and sugar can take you to the sea.

To which sea?  
To our master, God's Shems of Tebriz.  
I swear by the pure essence of God,  
He is the Sultan of sultans.



# 128

*Verse 1899*

Don't stay in an unpleasant,  
Temporary stopping place.  
Go next to the one who will  
Buy you, like gold.

If a tree was able to go from one place to another,  
It wouldn't suffer from the saw,  
Wouldn't have the wound of the ax.

Time is the one who commands you.  
Place is where you stop and go.  
You might as well choose a good place  
And watch for a good time.

In the end, you will become such,  
That neither place, time nor things in time,  
Will be able to do anything.

You became dark like the sky's mirror  
Because of the night.  
Your face turned into a pale yellow,  
Like trees in the winds of fall.



# 129

*Verse 1904*

If a tree was able to move  
With its feet, its head,  
It wouldn't suffer from the saw,  
Wouldn't sustain the wounds of the ax.

If the sun wouldn't go behind  
The curtains at night,  
How would earth be illuminated in the morning?

How could rain come if bitter water from the sea  
Didn't evaporate and ascend to the sky.  
The rain water eventually becomes a creek  
And water from that becomes soul to the rose garden.

A drop of water has left its home,  
Came back later, met the shell and became a pearl.

Didn't Joseph start his journey  
Crying and separated from his father?  
Didn't he reach happiness, victory  
And his throne from that journey?

Didn't Mohammed take His journey to Medina  
And reach his Sultanate?  
Didn't He become the Sultan of hundreds of armies?

Go toward yourself, even if you don't have feet.  
Shine with the sun like a mine of rubies.



Get out of yourself,  
Start the journey, come to your essence.  
Even soil turns into gold with this kind of journey.

Go to sweetness from bitterness and sourness.  
So many fruits have ripened on that kind of journey.

Search for Shems, who is praised by Tebriz.  
Ask sweetness from him.  
Because every fruit becomes  
Bright and mature from sunshine.



Watch the heart,  
 Which is not too tired to play with his life,  
 And wants to keep giving his life.  
 In fact, for love's slave, there is not enough suffering,  
 Roughness and humiliation.

He is wounded with wounds familiar to lovers.  
 He is in the blood,  
 But still asks for more wounds.

He made a tavern in his home.  
 He made all the rind<sup>2</sup> drunk,  
 But, he hasn't had enough  
 Of that pomegranate-colored wine.

He sacrificed thousands of lives to hunt that game,  
 But his soul cannot give up that hunt.

His palate is as sweet as sugar cane  
 With the lips of the Beloved.  
 But even then, he cannot give up  
 Crying like a reed flute.

He asked me, "With what are you satiated?"  
 I said, "Everything, except whatever you have."

The heart has not been satiated  
 From the Beloved's glass.  
 For that reason, O Moslems,  
 I know neither the town nor the sultan.

Your air resembles the spring.  
Heart is like a garden because of You.  
The garden cannot get enough  
From spring, from the breeze of spring.

I am so bashful from the kindness  
And favors of Shems of Tebriz.  
I wish soul would never get over this bashfulness.



# 131

*Verse 1923*

Why have you turned into a dry branch?  
Look at the face of the Beloved.  
Why have you become a yellow leaf?  
Look at the spring.

Come and join the circle of lovers.  
That's the best for you.  
Enter into the circle and watch the endless wine,  
Incomparable beauties and cupbearers.

Make sure love is an unstable universe.  
Watch thousands of lifeless,  
Unstable lovers in that universe.

If you reach the Sultan I haven't mentioned,  
I have hidden His name.  
Watch Him like a Sultan for the sake of the Sultan.

When you put salve on your eye,  
Turn your face to this side,  
And watch this world full of dust and smoke.

There are thousands of ink-soot particles.  
What is this sky?  
Colored smoke and vapors are flying.  
Watch the greenery.

Don't watch the sun at dawn,  
Look at it in the afternoon.  
It turns yellow because of its shyness.

The Moon begs and fills it basket.  
But you should see it fifteen days later,  
How it has been loaded down,  
Melted, become thinner.

Come to the sea of charm and beauty,  
Arrive at the mine of Union.  
Watch the drunken eyes of that real beauty.

When the angel Gabriel kisses  
The horseshoe of his donkey,  
The horseshoe starts yelling and screaming,  
Saying, "Look at that."

If the gentleness of Shems of Tebriz  
Doesn't forgive the guilt of soul,  
See the shame of soul.



*Verse 1934*

I wonder if someone said something about us,  
 Or this good and bad has happened by itself.  
 The Hodja is still here.  
 See and understand by looking at his beard.

The interesting part is,  
 The Hodja has done a funny thing.  
 He was a child, stayed like that.  
 His beard was black, then turned a different color.

*Page 162 of original Divan*

Do you want me to tell you  
 Why the Hodja keeps talking about up and down?  
 Because he hasn't become upside down.

He turned around the world  
 With two, or four feet,  
 But the sea has never risen  
 Above the Hodja's head.

The Hodja thinks he is in good shape.  
 Yet he is like a patient with a fever;  
 Even worse than that.

He became belligerent and obstinate,  
 Wanting to show proof.  
 But, he did not have any evidence  
 Of soul or pleasure of soul.

The way of the mind is discussion, inquiry,  
Wagering, obstinacy, objection,  
Approval and disapproval.  
The way of heart is pleasure,  
Ecstasy, honey and sugar.



# 133

*Verse 1941*

**S**he came to ask for sugar from your lips.  
Give a couple of measures of sugar  
From those sugar lips.

You look for greatness in generosity,  
Say, "Yes," but nothing else.  
Look and see,  
The sugar cane is exalted by giving sugar.

Your lips are sugar itself,  
Sugar is coming from them.  
Those lips are not expecting  
Free sugar from the sugar cane.

Even sugar gives taste to the tongue and palate  
From those lips, when you eat sugar.

Today, you closed your lips.  
I am afraid because of your trouble.  
Sugar gave up its essence, doesn't give any taste.  
It won't be any good.

What a taste you have in your lips.  
Sugar cane became the prince,  
Without any argument among the plants,  
Because of those lips.



I close my lips.  
I chew sugar like that without opening my mouth,  
So my soul will become nice and sweet.



# 134

*Verse 1948*

That Moon-faced Beloved  
Has no other beloved.  
You also don't love anyone but Him,  
His Beauty, His grace  
Have no beginning, no end.  
Don't turn away from Him  
And settle for something temporary.

It is the best place for hunting.  
There is game at every corner.  
Come here as a lion and hunt  
Nothing but male lions.

Self, itself, resembles a halter.  
People look like camels.  
But you don't hold the halter,  
Other than that drunk camel's.

The existence of everything  
Is nothing but dust.  
Light comes from our Moon-faced One.  
Don't turn your back to the Moon.  
Don't get lost in the dust.

Drive away the world in front of you.  
It is the snake of your treasure.  
But, in beauty, consider it a peacock, not a snake.

If they put people and the world  
In your hand, like mercury,  
You'd fall into the hand of mercury with love;  
Don't settle down.

Even if you are blindfolded,  
Find your way by touch  
With the sense of your hand.  
Reach the eternal rose garden,  
Pick the roses, not the thorns.

The blind eyes of Jacob start seeing  
With the smell of that rose.  
Don't look down upon the wind  
That brings the smell of our Joseph.

Who is Joseph of the soul?  
Naturally, sultan Shems of Tebriz.  
Don't believe any temple but his temple.



# 135

*Verse 1957*

Go away, go away.  
I hate the love which is mixed with shame.  
Even if you are a red rose  
You become friends with the thorn.

God's Safi,<sup>4</sup> Adam, was settled in Heaven.  
But Heaven left him because  
Adam became a friend of the snake.

Between sky and earth there is luminous air,  
But, this air becomes blackened  
When dust rises from the ground.

When friends start hanging around your enemy,  
Stay away from him.  
Air, like fire, gives heat to the person.

I would pull myself,  
Like a hair from your dough,  
Because I saw there is a hangover  
In the pleasure of your wine.

But what can I do?  
You grief holds my hair, drags me.  
Your sorrow is like a dragon  
Which has fire in its mouth.

Thousands of times I ran away from  
You like an arrow is thrown from the bow,  
And thousands of times, I was caught  
As prey by your hunting eyes.

My amulet of charm brings the image  
Of my Beloved to my house, but that image  
Hesitates, wants to come sometimes, not other times.

Your grief is aware of that pitiless love  
When I want to get away,  
And starts smiling secretly at the tip of its lips.

My repentance is ridiculous for this sultanate;  
Because love knows neither patience  
Nor comes to its senses with experience.

Don't say a word.  
If you talk, don't mention patience or repentance.  
The words about Mecnun's<sup>5</sup> repentance  
Wounds and bores a person.



# 136

*Verse 1968*

Night is long and full of enjoyment  
For lovers and robbers.  
It is night now, let's start our work.

I would steal agate and pearl  
From the Sultan's treasure.  
I am not someone who would steal cloth  
From the cloth merchant.

There are charming thieves  
Behind the curtains of the night.  
They will find the way, with tricks,  
To the roof of secret's house.

All I expect from the night's journey  
Is to obtain the treasure and agate of the sultan.

He has such a face that, because of His light,  
There is no night left in this world.  
What a candle is He that the sun burns  
And the Moon shines from Him.

All the wishes will be granted on Kadir Night.<sup>6</sup>  
Because rank and dignity have learned  
Greatness from a full Moon, like You.

You are everything, and anything.  
Beyond that also consists of You.  
How would anybody be able to comprehend this?

If this is too big, too broad for you,  
Open your ears, let me tell you  
A story that hasn't been heard before.

If you haven't seen Jesus,  
Feel His breathing.  
Since you are a white falcon,  
You have wings.  
Fly to the place  
Where they beat the drum.

If you are minted from red gold,  
Accept the sign, the seal of the Sultan.  
If you are not,  
Why all these gold-cutter's scissors?  
What's the use of them?

Haven't you learned  
That when you become a treasure,  
The informer reveals the secret  
Wherever there is a treasure?

Open the treasure, don't try to cheat,  
Because you won't be saved by force, anger,  
Praying rug, Namaz, remembrance or devoutness.

You did cheat, because of that.  
You came and sat in the corner of the Mosque,  
Declaring yourself to be the Cunejd<sup>7</sup> of time,  
And the Beyazid<sup>8</sup> of worship.

Give back the cloth you have stolen.  
Don't talk about devoutness,  
Don't lower your voice.

**Be silent, don't try to find excuses.  
At this place they don't buy  
A small grain of ostentation, deceits or tricks.**

**Hold the stately skirt of Shems of Tebriz.  
Hold that, so your maturity will  
Be adorned by his favor, his kindness.**





# 137

*Verse 1984*

**M**y Sultan told the sun,  
"Come to your senses, don't be silly.  
If you cover your face, we open ours."

Once the brightness of our face shines,  
Hundreds of suns become dark, pass out.

The one who is deceived by you  
Is the one who hasn't  
Seen the Beloved's face.  
Whoever sees Me wouldn't even  
Bother to give you any value.

Don't run away from the One  
Who measures you with golden scissors.  
Don't hide behind a cloud.  
Because I would make you cry and beg,  
Also the cloud.

Although you are the Soul of the Universe,  
The Universe is most beautiful,  
But, once I show My Beauty,  
You'll turn upside down.

I have thousands of universes  
Full of light and favors.  
O tiny little baker,  
How can you be conceited to Me?

I free men from bread, from the baker.  
My living gives them long life.

I pass the Sun, O planet of Venus,  
Bring wine, bring appetizers, sugar cane;  
Play the reed flute.

If time doesn't follow You,  
You follow time.  
Give the big jar to my hand,  
Tune the harp.

Plants, minerals and living things  
Are all drunk because of You.  
For a brief moment, take care,  
Take care of these two or three poor ones.

Life is beautiful with You, so is death.  
At times, You freeze us like sugar, make us hard.  
At other times, You burn and melt us.

Since the Moon became my companion,  
The journey is to stay and rest in my country.  
Under the shadow of the Moon I climb,  
Come down and walk through.

I hear from the sky,  
The end of this business is good, auspicious.  
Be silent. At the end,  
Eyaz's<sup>9</sup> business also became good.



# 138

*Verse 1997*

Come, the bait is very pleasant,  
Don't be afraid of the trap.  
Go inside of the gambling house,  
Don't worry about getting in debt.

Come, come, everybody is waiting to hear you.  
Come, come, everybody is a slave,  
A servant for you, don't be afraid.

Come, come, come with such a glass,  
Such a cupbearer that you don't ask  
For that glass, that cupbearer.  
Enter, enter the assembly of that Sultan  
Whose greeting is so beautiful, don't be timid.

You have heard there is a fear of life on this road.  
Since the Beloved is the fountain of life,  
Don't be afraid of that news.

*Page 163 of original Dīwan*

Since love is Jesus of the time,  
Keep looking for death.  
You also die for His beauty, just like us.  
Don't be afraid.

Sagrak<sup>10</sup> is big and heavy,  
But he is light and agile.  
Even if there are thousands of glasses  
Pick them up from His hand and drink.  
Don't be afraid.

You are a servant for the lion,  
How can you stay without roasted meat?  
You'll never be kicked and roughened  
By the immature, don't worry, don't be afraid.

You have become a friend of the Moon.  
You won't have any problem with guards.  
You turned into morning wine for the soul,  
Don't be frightened by the day or night.

The image of the Beloved  
Offered me a glass and told me,  
"Drink from that glass.  
Don't be afraid of the best or worst people."

I told Him, "We are at the month of fasting,  
Also, it is morning, not night."  
"Be silent," He said,  
"Soul's wine doesn't break fasting."  
Don't be afraid.

Abraham and Beyazid become  
Your friends at this stage.  
Don't be afraid.  
Drink that grave wine.



# 139

*Verse 2008*

My Beloved frowned,  
From that, the value and price of sugar came down.  
I don't know what kind of wine  
My Beloved has in that bitter pumpkin.

He frowns purposely.  
Yet, he is so sweet, so lively,  
There is hardly a hair on his body  
That would be sour.

Thousands of jars of vinegar  
Became sweet because of Him.  
In fact, sweet and beautiful  
Are the antidote of sour dispositions.

He smiled at our sour humdrum things.  
So that those sour things  
Reached a wonderful sweetness.

After seeing milk and honey in the sour creek,  
How does sourness stop smiling  
At the tip of its lip?

Last night, I was caught in his torrent.  
People started yelling,  
"What is this sour jar doing  
Inside the river of honey?"

Yesterday, the Beloved was looking for me,  
Saying, "Where is that sour-faced one?  
If he didn't have a hangover,  
Why did he want sour?"

He was free, wandering around  
From one place to another, without me.  
How come that sugar of sugars,  
That honey of honeys  
Wanted a sour one like me?  
I don't know.

He had a tray of halva,  
Looking for me to sweeten my sour throat.

It is no wonder that he wants me to be annihilated,  
Because sweet is the enemy of sour.

Don't make a mistake.  
If he frowns, it is not because  
He wants to get you out of his temple  
He frowns because he is jealous of you.

The doorkeeper frowns  
Because he envies his master.  
The groom makes a face because  
He is jealous of the bride's beauty.

You have thousands of hives,  
Like honey-bees full of honey.  
For your own soul's sake  
Forget the sour gossips.



# 140

*Verse 2021*

**T**he one who is completed is the one  
Whose trace became nothing.  
The one who passes out of himself  
By the first glass  
Is the one who is in good shape.

I have a heart that is totally ruined  
By the way of love.  
A man of the tavern has ruined,  
Demolished that.

He said, with love,  
"If you want to see someone who has fallen  
To the ground in such a way, come and see.  
If you desire to lift him, come and do it."

"Don't come too close.  
I am afraid the flame of my fire  
Will also burn you."

When fire surrounds you,  
Come close to my eyes.  
Rivers full of tears are coming  
From my eyes that scatter pearls.

When my tears have gushed out,  
Come and see with your eyes  
The story of Moses staff bringing  
Water from the rock<sup>11</sup> with one strike.

**"His sick eyes give remedies.  
Wherever there is an ill one  
He should come here." Yell that.**

**Climb the mountain and announce,  
"Wherever there is one who is asleep,  
His awakening glory will give  
Sight and knowledge. Come, come."**

**The light of the Verse of,  
"Whenever God illuminates,  
It opens the heart of someone."<sup>12</sup>  
Comes from such a candle, that,  
The brightness of that candle  
Won't fit in both worlds.**





Since the Union of the Beloved  
 Appeared to Mansur,  
 He gave his heart fully to the gallows,  
 With pleasure.

I grabbed a piece from his garment-like kulah,<sup>13</sup>  
 But he burned my mind, my head and my feet.

I have broken a thorn on the wall of His garden.  
 I have such excitement because of that thorn;  
 Such a desire that I can't describe it.

His heart drank his wine in the early dawn  
 And became a lion hunter.  
 Now it deserves to endure the  
 Pain of separation, which resembles a dog.

The foal of the sky is very uneasy,  
 It appears tough,  
 But turns into a harnessed jackal  
 With the hand of His love.

So many hearts have become  
 Helpless in front of Him,  
 But He drags them along, shows no mercy.

There was a bear skin at the bottom  
 Of the river one cold day.  
 I told someone, "Why are you waiting,  
 Dive and get that skin."

He fell into greed,  
Wanted to have that bear skin,  
But that greed got him involved  
With the bear itself.

"Leave the skin alone, run," I said,  
"Now you have to fight with the bear."

He answered, "Go away.  
I have such a burning desire to have that skin,  
I gave up all hope of getting away  
From the bear's paws.

He pushes me into thousands of waves  
Every moment.  
There is no hope of escape  
From his squeezing arms.

Be silent, the story is enough.  
One sign is enough.  
You don't have to say a bunch  
Of words to intelligence.



His voice makes an empty ringing sound  
 In the oven of heart.  
 When he starts spreading melodies,  
 My heart jumps from its place.

He put a rebab<sup>14</sup> on his lap,  
 Took his kulah off his head,  
 Put it on the ground.  
 When I saw his head shaking,  
 My heart went out his way.

Heart is spinning from his silk  
 Thread like a spindle,  
 It turns so fast that the one  
 Who spins the silk thread,  
 Sometimes sees it, sometimes doesn't.

Loosen a few strings of that organ,  
 Because the sound that changes minds,  
 Shape to shape, is becoming too high pitched.

Know for a fact, the body resembles dust and soil.  
 Soul is the wind which raises dust.  
 Even then, the movement of this dust shows the soul.

Suppose the soul looks like dust and soil,  
 Another soul comes into that dust.  
 Such a Soul that the whole universe  
 Dances, particle by particle, from its tune.

The universe is like an oven,  
There are different colored breads there.  
But, for the one who sees the Baker,  
What care would he have  
For the oven or bread?

The dance of the soul is neither  
From the inside nor outside worlds.  
Wherever it is, wherever it is from,  
I'll sacrifice my life to caress it,  
Be kind to it.

One evening, jokingly, I asked,  
"O Heart, do you see something  
Like His charm and Grace  
Moving on the Moon?"

They will put up a candle  
Which scatters sparks at night  
After sundown, right?"

He covered his eyes with both hands  
And answered, "Heart knows the Sultan's jealousy,  
As well as his coyness."



# 143

*Verse 2053*

A voice came to the lover  
From His secret world,  
"Love," the voice said,  
"Is the Burak<sup>15</sup> of God.  
Keep riding on it."

God Bless, what kind of wind has brushed  
The ones on earth,  
That wells have sprung  
From the fire of His coyness?

In order to be hunted by His falcon,  
Everything from the moon to fish  
Turned into a pigeon.

The lover's face became a pale yellow  
Like minted gold, with the love  
Of our Goldsmith and the pleasure  
Which comes from His scissors.

What did the birds of heart see in the air,  
Which raised the dust of desires,  
That kept them flying like that?

The bird of our heart sometime is unable to fly.  
Who ties its great wings?  
Who brings scissors and cuts its wings?

Be silent. Jealousy keeps biting his hand.  
He says, "Be ashamed of the Beloved.  
Be ashamed of his love."

I complained about his jealousy.  
"Whatever He ties you with,  
Break off, free yourself," he said with a smile.



# 144

*Verse 2061*

*L*ift your head, rise.  
We'll go to the assembly of joy and pleasure.  
We will reach the arm of joy and pleasure  
Like a soul without a body.  
We'll be embraced by joy and pleasure.

I have received the news, from my death  
I will reach eternal pleasure and life.  
God made death like a prophet for eternal life.  
He is giving the good news of eternity,  
Through death.

They cut the belly button of our existence  
With the name of eternal drinking.  
We were born from the mother  
Of joy and pleasure by the day of festivity.

Ask us about joy and pleasure  
And about leaving them also.  
These joys and pleasures that are dressed  
By forms are nothing but outside  
Door knobs of real pleasures.

The forms of the souls of joy and pleasure  
Behind the curtain reflect over the curtain.  
Those forms over the curtain of joy and pleasure  
Are appearing because of that.

Give your golden existence  
To joy and pleasure, not to grief.  
The gold doesn't belong to joy  
And should be buried underground.

*Page 164 of original Divan.*

Look, why is the sky turning?  
I will tell you.  
The sparks of joy and pleasure's star  
Are causing it to turn.

Look, why is the sea overflowing, wave by wave?  
I'll tell you.  
The light of joy and pleasure's pearl  
Is making it move.

Look, why did the earth give birth  
To houri's<sup>16</sup> Gilman?<sup>17</sup> I will tell you.  
The wind that came from joy  
And pleasure's amber  
Brought scents of Heaven to earth.

Look, why does the wind come and go  
Like a breeze? I will tell you.  
He wants you to come to the book  
Of joy and pleasure quickly,  
But paper by paper.

Look, why does evening shake the curtains?  
I will tell you.  
"There is a wedding party, dress yourself  
With joy and pleasure's garments," he says.



I would tell the secrets of five, four, seven,  
But I lose the joy and pleasure's backgammon  
With one - two plays.  
That's why I cannot tell.



# 145

*Verse 2073*

**H**e should praise me,  
Swear at me all the time, but nobody else.  
Either one is the fountain of youth for me.

Is the hangover or drunkenness of His wine better?  
Our souls would be an eternal glass for Him.

I have been so drunk by His reproach,  
That I cannot differentiate  
His reproach from His favor.  
Don't ask me of either His fairness,  
His justice or His kindness.

His cruelty has trapped my flying soul  
With bait and made me a peer  
To the bird of loyalty.

My Soul has found many excuses not to go,  
But fate pulls this unlucky one  
To His side, step by step.

The one who knows His trouble  
Doesn't ask for joy and pleasure.  
The one who hears His name,  
Wouldn't leave a trace of his dust.



When the Hoopoes<sup>18</sup> of thought  
 Bring a trace of your dust,  
 I will have the Kingdom of Solomon,  
 Because that charmer appears.  
 I see him clearly.

Neither fairies nor Satan are  
 Able to know His great throne.  
 Because His throne is Sight,  
 His world consists of seeing  
 With the eyes of the Soul.

He knows all the bird's languages.  
 He sees through the eyes of Soul;  
 But none of them knows His speech.

The seal of His money  
 Has been imprinted on every door.  
 His favor is cash, but you cannot have him,  
 That you can smell the bouquet of His essence.

If you ever see Him, you'll see Him  
 In the circle of Rind, because love comes  
 In between and pulls Him to the center of that circle.

The heart that comes flying from that side,  
 At the very most, is His arrow.  
 Who else among the braves  
 Are able to pull that tight bowstring?

Give that wine, again, to the one  
His love's cupbearer offered the wine first;  
The one who drank that wine  
From His cupbearer's hand.

Wine is offered from Shems,  
Who is praised by Tebriz.  
How come Soul and Heart  
Won't be a slave and servant for him?



# 147

*Verse 2088*

**C**ome, come.  
You are the soul of Soul of Sema.  
You are thousands of candles to  
The origin and gatherings of Sema.

The hearts of hundreds of thousands  
Of stars are bright because of you.  
You are a Moon which has risen  
In the sky of Sema.

Come and see that soul and world both  
Are the admirers of your beautiful face.  
Come, you are an amazing,  
Matchless beauty  
At the world of Sema.

Come and see  
That there is no cash transaction  
In the land of love without you.  
Come, the mine of Sema  
Has never seen gold like you.

Come and see  
That the ones who are lounging  
Come to a standstill at your door.  
Put up the ladder of Sema,  
Come down from the roof.

Come and see that the brightness  
Of Love's bazaar comes from your lips.  
There is a rich beauty at the store of Sema.

Bring the cash of understanding  
From Shems of Tebriz,  
Because Sema's mouth stayed  
Opened wide with the love of his lips.



# 148

*Verse 2095*

Come. Come and see that you  
Are soul to the Soul of Sema.  
Come. See that you are a walking cypress  
At the garden of Sema.

Come and see that someone like you  
Neither existed nor ever will.  
Come and see that the eyes of Sema  
Have never seen anyone like you, and never will.

Come and see that, even the source  
Of the Sun is your shadow.  
You have thousands of the planet Venus  
In the sky of Sema.

Sema is praising you with a net,  
Clear of hundreds of languages.  
I should tell you a few subtle points  
With the language of Sema.

When you enter Sema,  
You will be out of both worlds.  
The world of Sema is outside of these worlds.

The ceiling of the Seventh Sky  
Is very high, but the ladder  
Of Sema is higher than that.

Whatever there is besides "Him,"  
Put under your feet and crush it.  
Sema is your property,  
Your possession; you are Sema's.

What can I do if Love embraces me?  
I will do Sema.  
I will take it in my arms  
And press it to my chest.

When the arms of particles  
Are filled by sunshine,  
They all enter into whirling  
Without the wail of Sema.

Come, and see Shems of Tebriz  
He is Love in the human shape.  
The mouth of Sema stayed open.





**C**ome. Come and see,  
 You are the lion of battle lions.  
 Get out of the forest, break the lines.

When they praise you,  
 Everything they say is not a lie.  
 They are all true, not empty words.

I wonder if my eyes will ever see this again.  
 You sit on your throne,  
 Sultans are bowing in front of you.

But you are in your own place,  
 Which is higher than I have mentioned.  
 However, because of separation,  
 My sight has been blurred and weakened.

Go away, O weaver. Go away, mender.  
 Weave and mend as much as you can.  
 The brightness of His face cannot  
 Be covered by anything.

You deceive heart as well as praises about You.  
 Yes, that is true.  
 But the fire in my heart doesn't  
 Let me not praise You.

The lover in this world  
 Sacrifices souls for You. I gave my soul,  
 Even the Soul of my soul to You.

Kaaba of prosperity, Kingdom is my soul,  
But thousands of soul's Kaaba  
Turn around You, making Tava<sup>19</sup> for You.

I have been in such despair  
That I have closed my mouth.  
I don't tell Your secret.  
Babies also get their nourishment  
From their umbilical cord  
Inside the mother's womb.

You are the intelligence of intelligence,  
I am your drunk who is full of faults.  
Naturally, the guilt of drunks is forgiven  
At the side of the mind of mind.

Only oceans and lakes take care of my hangover.  
Your drunk cannot be satisfied by cups and jars.

I cannot be contained anywhere  
Because of your love.  
The place of the Phoenix of love is Kafdagi.<sup>20</sup>

I am not in love with my words, my breath,  
But since I mentioned your sorrow,  
Hundreds of thousands of times now,  
Your smell comes from my words, my breath.

Even if they read the Sure of Liilafi<sup>21</sup>  
A thousand times, the particles of my body  
Cannot love, match anyone but You.

I have fallen in love with Your beautiful face.  
I made an oath with this love,  
The light of my eye,  
That I won't open my ears  
To the stories of the past.  
I will keep watching your beautiful face.

I am the wool-carder bow of Shems of Tebriz.  
There is fire in this store.  
Wool is all in flames.



# 150

*Verse 2121*

That Beloved, who talks so sweetly,  
Has seen me on the road.  
He said "Tell new poems,  
Drink that old wine."

What can I do?  
I have to do what he said.  
How can I resist for life  
That Agate's mine?

I am a slave, a servant of the Cupbearer.  
I became prey for His caprice.  
Drunkenness is the pepper and salt of life.  
Wine is such a beautiful friend;  
Such nice company.

There is a group of people  
Who become like a candle at night  
Because of drunkenness and love.  
During the day, they are like the Sun.  
How wonderful these people are.

Whatever you desire, good or bad, will be yours.  
All I want are the places where  
The Cupbearer stops and goes,  
And the wine glass will be mine.

Offer that ruby-colored wine,  
That one sparkle of it burns  
The soul's mines  
And makes them exuberant.

Is it possible that there will be shadows  
While a sun like you is on the earth?  
Is it possible that there will  
Be shortness and famine  
While You are the Cupbearer?

Untie the feet of the camel, tear the bonds of mind.  
Jump out of the captivity of the earth.  
Drink wine slowly, be free of this confinement.

Once the camel unties his bonds he will fly  
In the land of truth, even in his sleep.

He will run on mountains, valley, land and sea.  
I say this according to the level  
Of your understanding.  
I am not going deeper.

The beauty of Love is the merger  
Of the lover with the Beloved.  
Come on now, mix each other  
Like butter and flour,  
Just like thick soup  
Which can't be separated.

When the soil merges with truth,  
Beauty and maturity will come.  
Even angels will prostrate  
In front of this Beauty.



# 151

## Verse 2133

*Page 165 of original Divan.*

**A**lthough the Mongols have ruined the world,  
Why should we be worried?  
Your treasure is buried in the ruins.

The world has been broken to pieces,  
But You are the friend of the one  
Whose heart is broken.  
How can Your drunk be ashamed  
Of that kind of break and ruin.

The firmament becomes drunk  
By Your rules and orders, turns day and night.  
Earth has been cherished by Your treasure,  
Bewildered by this joy.

Your favor came  
But couldn't enter through the door.  
What kind of kindness is that?  
You offered it through the windows,  
Bunch by bunch.

We have heard that sultans conquer lands  
And wealth, battle by battle.  
But, we haven't seen sultans  
Give favors with force.

You spurt out water from rock.  
You say, "Come O one who has  
Become like rock,  
Come and get my favor."

In order to see Your face, Your eyes,  
In order to embrace You,<sup>22</sup>  
One must clean the surface  
Of the heart's mirror with love.  
One has to wash and be purified  
From dirt and rust.

There is a bizarre relation<sup>23</sup>  
Between that face and rust,  
Like the tie between the rat and the tiger.

You close Your mouth  
So that heart opens its mouth  
And swallows both worlds at once  
Like an alligator.

Thousands of miles of journey for us  
On the way to Heart,  
Are only two steps for Heart.  
Where are the miles?

If Shemseddin, whom Tebriz praises,  
Is not looking for us,  
Why does the sorrow of his love,  
Keep standing guard at our head?



# 152

*Verse 2144*

**Y**our separation  
Threw a big stone to my head,  
Then stones started raining  
From every direction.

Thousands of stones are coming  
To my head from everywhere.  
But they don't resemble the ones  
That the Beloved threw.

There was a smell from your beautiful love's kitchen;  
Separation is throwing a stone to that,  
Because of my bad luck.

I know the stone that comes from Your hand,  
Turns into garnet.  
If you want, try it once.

If a glimpse of Your kindness  
Falls over the mountain and rocks,  
They all become gold and asks,  
"Is there any stone left on earth?"

The mountain which has been fed  
By Your open generous hand,  
Will feed all the hungry, emaciated ones.

If you do favors, look at the world once,  
Stone sweat turns into water  
And runs hundreds of rivers like the Euphrates.



If you wet rock with your fountain of life,  
It comes to life, and becomes  
A musk gazelle, full of musk.

Look kindly at this heart  
That is made of glass.  
That glass desires a stone wholeheartedly,  
From Your union.

The staff of Your separation,  
Like Moses' staff,  
Made water come from my eyes,  
Which resemble two stones.

It is my destiny.  
An iron curtain has been drawn  
On Your heart.  
Of course, the mirror  
Can only be made of iron.

I will suffer quietly,  
Embracing stone to my heart.  
Go to Tebriz, bring me stone from his side.

I rub my face so much  
On the stones of Tebriz,  
That you will see the imprint  
Of my face on those stones.

Even if he gets mad and throws stones,  
In the amount of his hair, at me,  
I can't give him up,  
I can't give up his love.

Where is the soil of your road?  
The stone is asking a favor from Shemseddin  
To reach this soil.

This is my prayer, from my heart,  
"My Soul will be sacrificed for you."  
I say this prayer even if everybody  
Keeps throwing stones at my head.



# 153

*Verse 2160*

If your friend chooses to fight,  
Go ahead and fight.  
Don't throw stones at a dog,  
Because the dog will keep barking,  
And give you a headache.

Come to your senses, don't let people say,  
"This one is stupid, the other is confused."  
Come to your senses.

What's the use of his hand,  
If the man doesn't get rid of the fly.  
Even a bedbug looks like a tiger  
To the one who is taking his leisure.



# 154<sup>24</sup>

*Verse 2163*

⓪, one whose wish smokes in the souls,  
Whose love conquers the heart,  
Greetings to you.  
O, one who buys slaves and servants cheaply,  
Greetings to you.

O, one to whom million of souls  
From everywhere say, "Greetings to you."  
Greetings to you.

When you read these letters  
Which are full of blood,  
You also read the greeting you know.  
Greetings to you.

You are going, the moon and sun  
Are behind you, following you.  
They keep saying, "O beautiful face,  
Greetings to you."

Thousands of eyes are sending news  
To the soil on which You stepped.  
O salve of the eyes say, "Greetings to You."

You hear better than anybody,  
There are voices coming to you from the prophets,  
In the land of Absence, every moment.  
Greetings to you.

It won't be just an empty greeting,  
Especially, when it comes from the Sultans.  
Thousands of gifts and dresses come  
With the words of, "Greetings to you."

In fact, God greeted the Prophet Mohammed  
With His Absolute Glory on the night of Mirac,<sup>25</sup>  
And said, "Greetings to you."

What glory is that, that its light keeps extending  
When greatness says, "Greetings to you?"  
He says it that way.  
When He greets, He greets that way.

All these things are gone my friend.  
Now you listen to what has happened.  
But, before I start the subject,  
Greetings to you.



# 155

*Verse 2172*

Come, O one who adds joy to joys.  
Come, O One who relieved sorrows.  
Open the locked doors. Come.

To see your face on the night of trouble  
And suffering, brings early dawn.  
The Cupbearer of your generosity  
Gives success and prosperity  
In difficult times.

Come, You are Jesus,  
Resurrect our dead.  
Get rid of the eye of Dadjjal<sup>26</sup> for us.

Come, you are David.  
Split open the sea of malice  
So the bad-natured pharaoh will drown.

Come, you are Noah, we are in the flood.  
Isn't Noah's ark built  
For the time of danger?

They all see Your appearance  
And they think You are human.  
So many others, like them,  
Don't understand Your greatness.  
Nobody can compare with You.<sup>27</sup>

The one who thinks, who desires  
The world around Your great existence,  
Will only fool himself with his fancies.  
When Your being appears,  
His world disappears.



I keep looking at that clean face, those eyes.  
 O heart, I said, "How Beautiful, for God's sake,  
 There is God's beauty in you, O Heart.

Thousands of suns, thousands of eyes,  
 Thousands of lights  
 Are slaves and servants for You.  
 Souls are the shadows of Your light, O Heart.

There is a limit to beauty;  
 Nothing beyond that.  
 Yet, Your beauty exceeds that boundary, O Heart.

Genies and fairies  
 Both wear the belt of Your service.  
 So do the Angels.  
 Stars and sky are all prostrating  
 In front of You, O Heart.

Is there any heart that doesn't carry  
 The seal of Your slave, Your servant?  
 Is there a scar or grief  
 For which You are not the remedy, O Heart?

The endless wealth is all in Your control.  
 There is no treasure in the land of Absence,  
 That doesn't belong to You, O Heart.



Take care of the ones  
Who have been burning with fire.  
Don't turn your face from them.  
Because there is so much of Kevser<sup>28</sup>  
So much help in Your eyes, O Heart.

"This moon," I said,  
"Resembles Shems of Tebriz.  
Heart said, "Where is that?  
Where is this, O Heart?"



If you opened your eyes  
 To the Sun of Union,  
 Ascended the sky of truth,  
 Don't talk about illusions.

Beyond the darkness,  
 Beyond the brightness,  
 In the glory of greatness,  
 Watch the stars shining like particles.

Although particles cannot reach that Sun,  
 They become glory  
 With the brilliance of His light.

Hundreds of thousands of eyes  
 Of maturity are open  
 From the sight of heart  
 That is bent like a bow in service.

Don't ask about the condition of my heart.  
 Close your mouth.  
 Only God knows  
 What has happened between Him  
 And the lips of the Beloved.

Don't show my heart,  
 It is not the same anymore.  
 Don't be tempted to fly  
 At the side of the Sultan's  
 Royal birds, with those wings.

Everybody is crying because  
Their wound is sprayed with salt.  
I cry because I am separated  
From the salt of his lips.  
I committed sin inside of sin.  
That's why I cry.

The Union of Shems of Tebriz  
Became my property, so that  
I gave up the deceits of ecstasy.  
I turned back from the talks.



Be happy, auspicious  
 With that beauty and greatness.  
 If thousands of lovers would die for you, let it be.  
 All our blood will be sacrificed for you.

In your presence we resemble the fire,  
 O wonderful one, one moment you burn  
 And make flame out of us.  
 Another time you extinguish us and go away.

*Page 166 of original Divan.*

Soul is water, the body is the jar.  
 It is afraid to break the jar,  
 But if water has returned to its source,  
 Assume the jar is broken.

How can I describe you?  
 How can I put you in a sack?  
 You are the trick.  
 You are the light of every impostor.

You cannot fit in the sack.  
 You'll break the trap.  
 Whoever has seen that lion  
 Is carried inside of the sack.

Since you are not a cat,  
 Not even a lion hitting its tail  
 On the sand in front of you with modesty?  
 How can you be put in a sack and tied?

Thousands of beautiful shapes and forms  
Are appearing in the heart and soul,  
Because the cloud of Your love  
Is raining peerless pearls.

For example, rain comes from the sky,  
The river, the pool.  
Clean, pure water  
Rises drop by drop.

Then it saturates the ground,  
Makes bubbles out of the soil.  
Out of these bubbles,  
Just like the moon rises,  
Roses, violet, and hyacinths grow.

What would grow if a rain of pearls  
Came from love's cloud?  
I'll tell you, because I have heart,  
The tinkling sounds of the bangle  
Come from the bottom of these bubbles.

O lover, take the mantle of Prophet Mohammad,  
Who holds religious law.  
Hear from the Soul of Bilal<sup>29</sup>  
The call for the praying of love.

O love, let me tell you wonderful things.  
I will open a door from the land of Absence with words.

We all resemble empty drums  
In Your presence.  
When you hit the mallet,  
We start wailing.

How come the drum  
Won't fly with the wings of,  
"We made the Son of Adam superior."<sup>30</sup>  
Especially when a Sultan like You plays?

O Shems of Tebriz,  
You are the sun of the earth,  
But not the one who sets,  
The eternal One.



# 159

Verse 2212

*A*t early dawn  
The sea of honey gave me the news.  
"Watch and see  
With your beautiful gazelle's eyes," he said,  
"The sea of honey  
Is becoming rough, wave by wave."

The only thing that comes to this place,  
Where there is only three days of life,  
Is the sound of water.  
But that sound eventually does  
Whatever it is supposed to do.

This music is the sound of water.  
Thirsty ones start dancing  
When they hear that sound.  
You find life from that sound, slowly.

Water tells you, "You came from me.  
You have developed in me.  
You will come back to me."  
Wherever you were first, turn around,  
You'll go back there, at the end.

I swear on your soul, your head,  
That if this water touches the bald head,  
Thousands of curly hairs will grow  
And the bald head will smell like musk.

**This wine is not mixed with water.  
Wine drinkers always suffer from hangovers.  
This water has no hangover.  
You will be yourself, don't hurry.**





# 160

*Verse 2219 393*

**A**bsolute compassion secretly came,  
And told ear of soul,  
"Do whatever you want,  
Only don't leave us, don't forget us."

You belong to us.  
We belong to you,  
Like day and eyes.  
How come You leave our arms and go  
To the side of the people who constantly  
Do the wrong things and make mistakes?

Heart answered, "There is no way to be mad,  
No way to be separated from You.  
The drum doesn't make a sound  
Unless the player hits it.

All this world is a drum.  
You are the one who plays the drum.  
Roads are closed.  
Where will they go if they leave You?"

He answered, "You accept yourself as the drum.  
Don't act like a drum sometimes,  
And at other times, a drum player.  
That is the source of your mistake."

The body cannot move  
Unless the soul moves.  
A saddle doesn't go anywhere  
Unless the horse goes.

Your heart is the Lion of God,  
Your Self is the horse.  
Just like the horse of God's Lion<sup>31</sup>  
The horse was Döldül.<sup>32</sup>

The place of mind  
Became too small for Döldül,  
That's why he jumped out of this narrow place  
To the land of "Tell."<sup>33</sup>

Although you are a lover,  
Why does your mind have all these hesitations?  
Why are you so restless?  
The time has come  
For that rose to bloom from your throne.

Your face is bitter because of that sorrow.  
If you are evening, early dawn has come.  
If you are thirsty, good news came,  
"Wine will be served."

God's sea of kindness  
Is raised by your "Oh's and ah's."  
Your hope, on this road,  
Has arrived at the city of Amul.<sup>34</sup>

The time has come  
For every desire to be returned  
To the One who gives desire with His help.  
Every leash of captivity  
Turned into a necklace  
Because of His kindness.

That being that changes,  
Moment to moment,  
Is separated from this carcass.  
God's shadow was reflected on the sun  
And raised an uproar there.

Never mind about this,  
Leave it alone.  
The Beloved came untimely.  
My night is really Kadir's night,  
Tell the evening, "Your life will last long,  
Live to eternity."

When God's revelation started coming  
From the land of Absence  
And became our ear,  
The Prophet said,  
"Ears belong to the head."<sup>35</sup>

You are the nightingale  
Of the garden meadows.  
But with the Grace of God,  
You can become the garden,  
The meadow and wind,  
Even hundreds of nightingales.

Look at all these events, fights,  
Retaliations of the world and see God.  
Look at the work of art done with  
Fingers and watch the intelligence.

Don't expect a wise man to stop talking  
When he becomes drunk.  
Don't tell the hungry to stop eating  
When he finds bread.

Give up words and alphabet.  
Become like water, full of designs.  
Go from one shape to the other;  
Because sounds and alphabets  
Are all earthly things.  
The world is nothing but a bridge.



A sweet voice came  
 From the threshold of greatness,  
 "Come," it says to soul.  
 How could soul stay?

How could a fish out of water stand still  
 With the sound of the waves  
 Coming from the calm sea to his ears?  
 The fish wants to jump in the water.

When the falcon hears the words of,  
 "Turn, come back,"<sup>36</sup> from the drums,  
 How can he not go to the Sultan from hunting?

How could a Sufi not enter the dance  
 Like a particle under eternal light,  
 That saves the soul from decline?

How terrible is the person  
 Who doesn't fall in love with Him  
 With all His charm and beauty?  
 That person's ugliness is the worst.

You are free of the cage.  
 Open your wings.  
 Fly, fly O bird, fly to the place whence you came.  
 Go to your home.

Go from the salty water  
To the fountain of life.  
Get up from the bottom of the door sill.  
Sit at the top of the assembly of soul.

Go. Go O soul,  
We are also leaving this world of separation  
For the land of Union.

Until when are we going to fill our shirt  
With dirt and stones,  
Like children in this muddy world?

Let's clean our hands of dirt  
And fly to the top of the sky.  
Let's not act like children,  
And go to the assembly of men.

Take a look at how this body,  
Which is made of dirt, has put you in the sack.  
Tear that sack, stick your head out.

Hold, with your right hand,<sup>37</sup>  
This book which descended from the sky.  
You are not a child.  
You should know your right from your left.

God told the mind's doorkeeper  
"Lift your foot."  
And told the hand of death  
"Twist the ear of greed."

A voice came to soul,  
"Go to the land of Absence.  
Go there, reach the treasure,  
Quit crying and wailing."

You tell. You yell.  
You are the Sultan.  
The favor of answering is Yours.  
The knowledge to question  
Belongs to You.



What luck if my Beauty  
 Should suddenly arrive.  
 What an honor it would be  
 If my beautiful one  
 Throws the beauties in the fire.  
 What a kingdom that would be.

His beauty broke the repentance  
 Of thousands of the penitents yesterday.  
 What luck, if he comes today, too.

Lovers sit row by row, hoping to see him.  
 What luck if he does them a favor and comes.

If his sword charges into the army of separation  
 And if union's army raises it's flag,  
 What luck that is.

He causes thousands of roses to bloom,  
 Such roses that thorns become drunk,  
 Grief starts laughing, what glory that is.

Out of obstinacy of the gluttonous one,  
 He sets the table, puts his favors there.  
 Heart eats thousands of dishes,  
 Drinks wine in spite of being full.  
 What luck this is.



When love gets involved,  
Body becomes agile, quick,  
And starts turning around the sky  
Without hands and feet.  
What glory that is.

How wonderful it would be,  
If Sultan Shemseddin suddenly comes,  
Without fanfare,  
One early dawn like the morning sun.



We gave conditions. We tested,  
Then we gave up all conditions;  
Sold them for nothing.

One corner of the earth turned into sky,  
But we didn't make the earth  
Like sky, piece by piece.

The roof of sky is too high.  
But of what are you afraid?  
We gave you the ladder.

If we bent your helpless body  
Like a bow with sorrow,  
We would give you wings.  
You'd fly to the sky like an arrow.

If soul becomes coarse and heavy  
By helping the body,  
We'll make it light  
And turn it into soul again.

*Page 167 of original Dixan.*

If you are Satan,  
We'll turn Satan into an angel.  
If you are a wolf,  
We'll make wolves act like shepherds.

You are like a fish.  
In the end you will reach the sea of honey.  
But we have given you a taste  
Of this honey thousands of times.

You are a small bird  
On the branch of Greatness.  
But we made a nest for you  
On the tree of that happiness.

Take all the worth and belongings of both worlds.  
We are the landlords,  
Don't be afraid.  
Come to the assembly,  
We wear our swords on our waist.

Thousands of particles became the Sun  
Because of this axis.  
We turn so many counterfeit pieces  
Into gold mines.

It doesn't matter if the water of soul  
Becomes turbid in this whirlpool.  
We ran torrents.  
Sent all our help to purify it.

We melt so much ice with the sea of kindness,  
We make running water out of it.

Why don't you smile?  
Why do you keep trembling like a leaf?  
How come you don't trust us?  
Who did we hurt?

We chose the guard who trembled  
Like the leaves of a tree,  
And, at the end,  
Made him the gardener.

I asked, in the land of Absence,  
"Am I not your God?"<sup>38</sup>  
You said, "Yes."  
When We made the land of Absence visible,  
What happened to your affirmation?

Hold the skirt of truth.  
Come quickly to the garden of Soul.  
We made the garden and meadow  
Out of your "Yes."

Be silent, you've become very talkative.  
As you know, before you had a tongue,  
We were the Ones who gave it to you.



If we fill the earth and sky with greetings,  
 If we lay down raw silver  
 To the place His dogs roam around,

If we set traps by heart, soul and eyes,  
 To the bird of good fortune,  
 Which comes from You every dawn,

If we put thousands of clean-hearted persons  
 At the corner of every road,  
 And give a letter, which is full of blood,  
 To send the news to you,

If we sit in the middle of your fire  
 Like pure gold and silver for you,  
 If we make that fire our home, our country,

I make an oath by your pure, clean, perfect essence,  
 That after we have done all these things,  
 We will still look around.  
 Like, what else should we be doing?

In the end, we have reached this conclusion:  
 We will put ourselves in a steady state of amazement.  
 Everyone will say, "They are totally confused," for us.

When wine is offered from the confused ones,  
 We prepare a hundred thousands cups  
 In the heart's house, which is made of glasses.

When that silver-bodied Beauty grabs our bale,  
We will tame the fates, which look like  
Savage colts for Him.

When the essence of Soul becomes  
Exuberant from those wines,  
We will cover the four corners  
Of this world in two steps.

If we receive a ring from Shems of Tebriz,  
We will become sultan of a thousand sultans,  
Governor of a thousand governors.



# 165

*Verse 2287*

I won't be engulfed by grief.  
I will go again to my Beloved's place.  
I will arrive in that heaven,  
That rose garden, that meadow.

I am tired of this autumn of separation.  
I will go to the eternal rose garden,  
To the permanent cypress.

I don't belong to these men.  
Farewell, farewell.  
I am going to the assembly  
Where wines are served endlessly,  
And appetizers are given.

Fish will never be satiated by water,  
What can I do?  
I will go to the river,  
Prostrating like water.

In the end, sorrows of my love  
Will pull me by force,  
It is better if I go by myself  
With my own will, now.

The clamor of sultans and their  
Sovereignty are all from love.  
What can I do if I don't  
Get involved with love?

I have heard the master of Beauties  
Went hunting.  
I am lean and skinny,  
But I should still go to the meadow and forest.

When Love's lion sends his hounds,  
I will go to it's mouth  
With the love in my heart.

Since I ride the Burak<sup>40</sup> of happiness now,  
I will go to the flag of the Sultan  
Who has reached His wish.

The world of Love  
Is under the flag of one Sultan.  
Since I am a subject of that state,  
I should go there.

I am such a person  
That I despise the soul  
As well as the whole world.  
I will go to the soul,  
And the world that has no dust, no soil.

There, there is no dust of body,  
Only Moon of Soul.  
I should be lightning  
In that sky.

If I am a mild-tempered Moses,  
I will go toward that tree.  
If I am Abraham, greatest of the great,  
I will go to that flaming fire.



Be silent.

How can these friends satisfy my thirst?

I should leave them and go to my real friend.

The ground of Shemseddin,

Whom East and West praise,

Is the heaven of Adn. I will go there.<sup>41</sup>



# 166

*Verse 2302*

**G**ive me wine.  
I have a hangover.  
God got me involved.  
That's why I am so much in love,  
So broken down.

Offer wine, for the soul of love.  
Give it with the glass,  
That even the sun is jealous;  
Because I am sick and tired  
Of everything but love.

Offer wine, it is not right for me  
To call this wine like soul,  
Because I have been afflicted  
With headaches from soul.

Offer that wine whose name cannot  
Be contained by my mouth.  
Because of that,  
My worlds are coming  
By bits and pieces.

Offer this wine without which  
I become dull and ignorant,  
But with it, I become the sultan of the brave.

Offer the wine without which  
My head becomes hazy and cloudy.  
I will turn into an infidel.

Give me this wine that saves me  
From saying, "Give and don't give."  
Don't turn me down by giving excuses like,  
"How and where can I offer it to you?"

Offer that and save the sky from my yells  
And screams during the long evenings.

Offer the wine that brings thanks  
And gratitude from my soul after I die.  
I am like Habibi Neccar<sup>42</sup>

Offer the wine of which I am  
The wine steward, like glass:  
When I drink it, I distribute  
In the right places, without loss.

Habib-i Neccar also said, after his death,  
"I wish the eyes of my people  
Could see the pleasure of my secrets."

"I wish they wouldn't look  
At my bones and my blood.  
For a body, I am nothing,  
But as a soul I am a great sultan."

"I am a carpenter, the ladder I made  
Reached the seventh level of sky.  
With that, I ascend the sky."

"I ascended like Jesus,  
But my donkey stayed on the ground.  
I don't have any more worries  
Nor the ears of a donkey."

Don't see Adam as mud,  
Like Satan does.  
Look and see.  
I have thousands of rose gardens  
Behind one rose.

Shems of Tebriz was born  
From that piece of meat.  
"I am the Sun," he said,  
"I raised my head from this mud."

"Don't make a mistake,  
If I go back to the mud,  
I am whatever I am.  
I feel ashamed to cover my face."

I rise every morning,  
Out of obstinacy to the blind.  
I don't give up either rising or setting  
Because of them.



Today I started  
 Doing all kinds of wrong things.  
 I am looking for trouble.  
 Don't mind the world of the drunk,  
 I talk lots of nonsense.

O body, burn like wood,  
 I am tired of you.  
 O soul, go away,  
 I am not looking for you, either.

His image has put a basin  
 In the fountain of my eyes,  
 And given me an excuse like,  
 "I will do laundry with that water."

I asked, "How could you  
 Do laundry with bloody water?"  
 He said, "Blood is there. I am here."

Your side is blood all the time.  
 On my side is water.  
 I am not "Kipti"<sup>43</sup> in the river Nile.<sup>44</sup>  
 I have the temper of Moses.



I see Your face  
When I open my eyes.  
When I open my lips,  
I drink Your wine.

I feel useless talking with people,  
But when Your name is mentioned,  
I just keep talking, talking, talking.

I constantly limp  
Wherever they take me,  
But I blow like the wind  
On the road toward You.

If I had found  
The fountain of life, like Hizir,  
I would spray that water to the ground  
On which You stand.

I gather thorns with the sorrows  
That come from Your grief.  
I restrain  
From gathering narcissus and roses.

When I turn my face to the Sultan of sultans,  
Who makes everyone content,  
My light outshines the Sun and Moon.

When I open my arms  
And wings, like Behram,<sup>45</sup>  
I will make Namaz at the Mosque  
Of the seventh level of the sky.

If I arrive at the place of bad omen,  
I see nothing but good luck.  
If I become involved in temporary things, metaphors,  
They all turn into the truth itself.

If I turn myself into Eyaz for Mahmud<sup>46</sup>  
The result of things will be Mahmud  
For me and my people.

If I become the Sun,  
I will make the particles of everything and everyone  
Drunk with the heat of my heart.  
I will make them fall in the game of love.

Love told me yesterday,  
"I am nothing but whim and affection.  
When I become coy,  
You become supplicant."

When you quit whims,  
Become a supplicant,  
I will become your absolute supplicant.

Be silent one moment,  
And be content with silence.  
Be silent so that I can tune  
My music for your listening.



# 169

*Verse 2338*

*A*s you remember,  
You called me to one corner of that roof.  
You remember, you nodded your head  
Instead of greeting, for its sake.

As you remember,  
You untied your belt  
Saying "I won't go."  
You remember the Moon, like me  
Became an ordinary slave and servant  
For your belt, for its sake.

As you remember,  
Once your news came,  
I started dreaming dreams  
Like no one could imagine, for its sake.

As you remember,  
You said to the sweeper,  
"Sweep this house.  
How long will this house  
Smell bad to the great ones?" for its sake

As you remember,  
You bit your lip  
And acted like you were saying,  
"Take the glass and drink."  
Quit saying these mature, naive words, for its sake.



As you remember,  
When I saw you.,  
I dropped the pen.  
I was trying to write to you  
With the hand of love,  
Saying that I haven't reached my wish, for its sake.

As you remember, you gave a bad idea  
To every hoopee bird you wished, by saying,  
"Free yourself from this trap," for its sake."

As you remember,  
There were rinds.<sup>47</sup>  
They drank wine in the fasting month  
In the middle of the day in front of the people,  
For the sake of those rinds.

They broke a thousand bottles,  
But their fasting won't be broken,  
Because Love made their glasses.

Don't drink wine at night, hiding in fasting month.  
Come to the assembly of Mohammed,  
Drink during the day, for its sake.

As you remember,  
While I was talking, you said,  
"O one who has a naive, sincere heart,  
Control yourself." Then you laughed.  
You laughed.

Then I told you that since  
You are not sewing my lips together,  
Why don't you plug the ears  
Of the one who is not totally a friend.

My blood is helal<sup>48</sup> for you,  
For its sake.  
Make my words haram<sup>49</sup> to the enemy  
So they won't hear.

My image kept seeing thousands  
Of amazing shapes in order to explain my situation,  
To unify me with Shems of Tebriz.



Didn't I tell you not to go there?  
 I am the only one  
 Who knows and recognizes you.  
 I am the source of Life  
 In this oasis of Absence.

If you became mad,  
 Went on a thousand-year journey,  
 At the end you'd come back to Me.  
 I am the point of your return.

Didn't I tell you not to be contented  
 With the world's shapes and conditions?  
 I am the one who arranges  
 The rule of the tent so you'll be contented.

Didn't I tell you I am the sea, you are a fish?  
 Don't go to the ground and dryness.  
 I am your only pure, clear sea.

Didn't I tell you,  
 Don't walk in the trap like a bird?  
 Come here, know that I am the One  
 Who gives the power to your wings to fly.

Didn't I tell you there are  
 People who stage a hold-up on your road?  
 They will make you ice-cold.  
 I am the One who gives warmth  
 And fire to your air.

Didn't I tell you they will give you bad habits?  
You will lose Me.  
Yet, I am your clear, pure source,  
Your fountain.

Didn't I tell you not to ask Me  
Who arranges the people's destiny?  
I am the One  
Who is the creator of no cause, no effect.

If there is a light in your heart,  
Tell Me, where is the road to the house?  
I am the host of your house,  
You would know that, if you had God's disposition.<sup>50</sup>



## Verse 2361

Bait is scattered for love.  
 The trap is set for love.  
 I swear on the head of love,  
 That I am planning to go to Damascus  
 From the land of Rum<sup>51</sup>

It would be sworn, for the soul of love,  
 That he is above all good and bad deeds.  
 I don't swear for either the good or bad.

For the sworn of the soul of love,  
 He is more pleasant than the Soul of souls.  
 Love is food and drink for lovers.

A rumor came to town  
 From the jealous one,  
 That such and such a person  
 Gave up the one  
 Who desires the enemy's wishes.

Love is fire.  
 My soul is a semender.<sup>52</sup>  
 Love is a furnace,  
 My soul is full-karat gold.

Isn't love the Cupbearer,  
 The soul drunk day and night, because of Him?  
 Isn't that my body turned into  
 A glass because of that divine wine?

Thousands like me  
Are slaves and servants for love.  
Love had a glass in his hand  
And came to me.

My soul has discussed thousands  
Of secrets and subjects with love.  
But these things cannot fit in words or writings.

Come, offer us wine which has not matured yet.  
The one, who like pure gold,  
Is immature in the land of lovers.

We will be friends beyond love, beyond illusions.  
There should be neither fear of mind  
Nor weight and trouble of body.

When I become drunk with wine,  
Love is also out of himself.  
With that love, the Sultan of Tebriz,  
Shemseddin, suddenly came here saying,  
"Greetings to you."



# 172

Verse 2372

I have been Your drunk  
For some time.  
Offer me wine.  
I have wrapped myself in a mantle,  
But am I not Your real friend?

A glass is not enough.  
I went beyond that.  
Give me wine from a big jar.  
I will be a slave and servant  
For Your great zeal and favor.

Since I am half drunk now.  
You listen to me.  
When I become drunk I will be in Your hands.  
Do whatever You want.

Fill up the glass of Enel Hak<sup>53</sup>  
Offer Mansour's wine.  
I am also under your gallows in the present time,  
Like Mansour.

Remember the promises given  
At the time of Elest<sup>54</sup>  
You have made such decisions with me.  
I am still on the same decision.

O hand, tell your jar that,  
"I am carrying you now,  
But in reality, You are the one carrying me.

You are at the center of the circle,  
Turning around me;  
But when I look carefully,  
I see You are the One turning me,  
I am turning around You."

O Venus, I don't drink wine  
Under the dome of sky.  
I am an enemy  
Of your poisonous glasses.

I turn into a glass  
To be the cup of the Sultan,  
Hold my hands, O my Sultan,  
I have become free.  
I am saved because of you.

What a bizarre thing that is.  
He breaks the bottle  
But doesn't spill the wine.  
How could he spill it?  
He knows I am in Your arms.

I have been bent and turned into a bow.  
But, it is because of Your arrow.  
I became pale, like saffron,  
But I am in Your tulip garden.

How can I be impious?  
I worship Your idols.  
How can I be a guilty sinner?  
I drink Your wine.



Come, come that you know  
The secrets of the present time.  
Cover, hide the secret of my heart.  
I have Your secret.

When Your face's sun shone on my face,  
My face thought it was like Your face.

The bird of my heart has counted rings,  
One by one, in Your trap.  
I am on Your number, it looks like  
I am counting these for me.

I am at the bottom of the well,  
But aren't You the One who raised my head?  
I am a drunk camel,  
But am I not in the string of Your caravan?

Heart, which is full of blood,  
Told your soil that I am submerged in blood.  
But I am still at your scale.

I don't have any belongings,  
But am I not Your handkerchief, Your towel?  
I don't have any work, any occupation,  
But, am I not Your drunk,  
Watching your works, Your occupation?

Am I not in love  
With Your shy but glorious face  
Because of Shems of Tebriz,  
Whom East and West praise?



# 173

*Verse 2391*

**I** haven't arrived  
In the neighborhood of Your love.  
How could I go back?  
I am prostrating,  
How could I change my face from Kibla?

Nobody but the blind asks me  
To turn my face from the Beloved,  
Who brightens everything everywhere,  
Becomes a candle to hundreds of Taraz.<sup>55</sup>

How can I go away from the temple  
Of this sea, that has no need for anything  
From other temples, when I am thirsty?

I choose love's Burak,<sup>56</sup>  
So I can ride forever  
Toward those curly black hairs  
Like a Turk rides.

When, in the early dawn,  
I go to meet and to talk to Him secretly,

Even if fate and destiny cover my eyes,  
I will see His black hair, I will go there.

*Page 169 of original Dixon.*

I swear by the soil where our master,  
Shems of Tebriz, steps,  
That I am lost.  
Because of him  
I walk elevated with my head up.



# 174

*Verse 2398*

**B**et your hand out of my beard.  
I drank wine. I am drunk.  
I am out of myself so much,  
That I lost my head, my beard and my mustache.

I am aware of neither the head of the table  
Nor the bottom of the door sill.  
I turn my face to the door of the tavern.

The mind that raises dust  
On the bottom of the ocean,  
Would run hundreds of years,  
But can't find a trace of mine.

My narrow chest became larger than the sky.  
My pale face became more pleasant than the moon.

I will close the offices of all the doctors,  
Because I am the health and soundness of the patients.

My chest turned into a tavern for the world,  
Thanks to my generous heart.

Thousands of praises to God  
Of the earth and Universe,  
That I am dazed by love.  
I am not the friend of "Self" and "existence."  
I am all alone.

I became soil for the Sultan,  
So the Juda tree grew out of me.  
I became checkmate to the Sultan,  
So I beat everybody in every game.

The way a seed dies, germinates, grows  
And gives hundreds of ears of corn,  
I have also died hundreds of thousands  
Of times, just like the seed.

I am God's Heaven, my name is love.  
The heart which I take in my hand to squeeze,  
Will be relieved from pressures.

Whoever gives his will to me  
Is the one I nourish and develop.  
He will be free from the arrows of Mercury,  
The spears of Mars.

The Sun of happiness has entered the sign of Aries.  
Hundreds of months of July appeared from my cold  
winter.

Be silent, if I wasn't afraid of trouble,  
My tongue would pierce thousands of curtains.



# 175

*Verse 2411*

**Y**ou are nice, beautiful.  
But, I am a thousand times more beautiful.  
Who did I see in my dream last night?  
I don't remember.

My heart is so happy, so full of joy and music,  
That I cannot fit in the world.  
But, even then, I am hidden like soul  
From the eyes of the world.

If the tree's feet weren't caught in the ground,  
It would be running, looking for me.  
Because I have been adorned so much  
With my flowers and roses that  
Even the rose garden is jealous of me.

I used to grab the skirt of joy and pull it towards me.  
Now joy grabbed mine and is pulling me to itself.

Somebody has been tickling me since morning,  
No wonder I have been laughing constantly.

Even Venus is learning melodies from me.  
Thousands of Venuses become a slave  
And servant to my dizzy, drunk head.

A sweet-lipped one gave taste  
To our lips in the early dawn,  
Such a taste, that even sugar  
Disappeared in the water at the bottom of my teeth.

Come on, rise, His cypress stature  
Is calling us, "time for Namaz."<sup>57</sup>  
I am the Beautiful essence  
Of your Namaz," He says.

"Rise. Come. I am the key of closed doors,"  
He says, "I am the One who reads Fatiha"<sup>58</sup>  
From you in the Namaz."

His lips are telling the secrets  
Of the land of beauty and charm.  
"Look at my share," he says,  
"I am the doorkeeper of that land."

He says, "When minds are confused from my craziness,  
I wonder about those frozen intelligences."

He says, "Ice which stays in the shade doesn't melt,  
Because it hasn't seen the bright light of my sun."

He says, "When Sun sees ice swagger slightly,  
It smiles and says I am the Water of Life."

Bring the One who tells everything  
And have Him finish the rest of it.  
Save me from talk.  
I am silent, but undeniable proof.



**W**e have neither a rooster nor chicken,  
 But you crack your egg.  
 Pull your head out of the egg,  
 And see what we do have.

Every morning I tell the Sun of Truth,  
 "You are the soul, end to end.  
 But, we still have the fear of soul from You."

It is impossible to give any clue  
 For His attributes, His appearance.  
 But, I have evidence of His attributes, that even  
 A trace of his dust cannot be reached.

Merge our heart,  
 What resembles the drop of dew,  
 With the sea.  
 Because I am a hundred times lost  
 In this loneliness.

Wolves have torn my shirt to pieces, like Joseph's.  
 But, I also have Jacob.  
 He is the one taking care of me.

We go through a new trap in every step,  
 In order to reach His master trap,  
 Which exhausts all other traps.

But, the One who unties the bonds,  
 Helps us in such a way that only  
 A mother, father or uncle, can.



If we look at the face in the mirror with dirty eyes,  
The mirror won't get dirty because of that.

We waste this life in our hands,  
Become utterly confused.  
It looks like we have eternal  
Life from that Life giver.

How bold, how daring we are to drink poisons.  
There must be lots of antidotes  
We get from Your kindness.

It is obvious that He won't break His ladder.  
Even if He does break it,  
He repairs and gives it back to us again.

When the time comes, that your day turns into night,  
It means you face the day of question, of judgment.  
Leave this world of existence,  
We have a place in the world of Absence.

If you knew the kind of autumn we have,  
You would tear and throw away your spring clothes;  
And you would also become pale, yellow.

My mouth is filled with words,  
But, I will be silent.  
Our sweet, honey-scattering Beauty,  
You open Your sweet lips,  
You tell us.



Bring music to our assembly.  
 Be kind to us, be kind.  
 At the quarter of the sick-hearted,  
 Be merciful, be merciful.

My heart is enlivened by burning like fire,  
 Fermenting like wine.  
 Don't be a passenger, like my heart,  
 From one place to the other.  
 Settle down in one place, make a home there.

Fire has come and sat at the road of the lover;  
 Saying, "O passenger of this way,  
 Be afraid, be afraid for your life.

A voice came to the fire,  
 "Be a rose garden to lovers,  
 Like the way you were to Abraham.  
 Be a blessing, be a blessing."

If you want to remove your carpet from the water,  
 Spread yourself under the feet of saints,  
 Be a carpet, be a carpet.

If you want the sea to become your nanny,  
 Become an orphan,  
 Like a peerless pearl, like a pearl.

O Heart, these words are straight talk;  
The heart which is up in the air,  
Can't stay whole and straight.  
Straight will be broken, ruined,  
Split in two, split in two.

Don't be the Elif of Ebced,  
He tries to lead, to boast.  
Don't be crooked like Dal,  
Bend down like Cim,  
Be like Cim.<sup>59</sup>



# 178

*Verse 2448*

**W**hat a nice feeling there is  
In this empty stomach.  
More or less, man resembles the harp.

If the inside of the harp was full,  
It wouldn't make high and low-pitched sounds.

If your head, your stomach burns from fasting,  
Your heart wails with this fire every moment.

You burn a thousand curtains with this fire.  
You take a step every moment;  
Pass a thousand grades  
With zeal and effort.

When your stomach is empty,  
You cry like a reed flute.  
When your stomach is empty,  
You keep telling secrets, like a pen.

When you fill your stomach  
The devil comes and sits on your head.  
Idols come and occupy the Kaaba.

Good dispositions come to your temple  
Attend your services like servants and slaves,  
When you are fasting.

Do fast,  
Because fasting is the ring of Solomon.  
Don't give in to Satan.  
Don't turn the country upside down.

Your soldiers come where your flag is raised.  
If you lose your sovereignty, you lose your army.

A meal came from the sky  
For the people of Seba,  
By the prayers of Mary's Son, Jesus.

You also do fasting  
And expect the table of kindness,  
Because the table of kindness  
Is better than cabbage stew.



Even if You don't want me,  
 I want You wholeheartedly.  
 If You don't open the door,  
 I'll sit and keep waiting  
 On the threshold of the door.

I resemble a fish,  
 Even though waves carry me to the shore.  
 Still, I seek shelter in the water.  
 My heart doesn't want any place, but water.

Where shall I go with my head?  
 Do I have a heart and soul?  
 Me, my body, my heart, took refuge  
 Under the shadow of my beautiful Sultan of sultans.

If I am ruined, out of myself, it is from You.  
 If I feel I am by myself, this is also from You.

If I have any part of my heart left to me,  
 You will be the One who will take it.  
 For instance, if I am a piece of straw,  
 You are my amber.

*Page 170 of original Dīwan.*

The taste which comes to my mouth  
 Is from Your sweet lips,  
 Not from shortbread made with honey and butter.

I push both worlds out of my heart,  
So that, at the end, I sit almost  
Next to my God, like "He."<sup>60</sup>

I worry neither about rank, position nor greatness.  
The Kingdom of His love is all I need.

We are engulfed in the Sea of Tenzih<sup>61</sup>  
Like Kulhuvallah<sup>62</sup>  
Not like Mushebbihe<sup>63</sup> who believes in Teshbih.<sup>64</sup>  
Who turned upside down  
Trying to prove similarity.

When your Mongol-like grief,  
Becomes upset and starts looting,  
I stand like a big nomad tent  
And wear the belt of love and patience.

I am the lazy one who is late in the caravan,  
But timely, or untimely,  
All my journeys are toward You.

Rise like a full Moon, tell the rest of this;  
Because my lucky Moon has been in a knot  
Of separation and disappeared behind the clouds.



# 180

*Verse 2471*

A secret fairy has tied my feet.  
Because of that  
I am struggling in this land of troubles.

I am from Kafdagi;  
A stranger to this valley.  
I appear to be a pigeon,  
But I am the Phoenix.

When my pigeon becomes prey  
For the falcon of death,  
I open the wings of Soul's phoenix  
And fly with those wings.

My back has been warmed by the Sun of mind.  
But I stand firm like a tent  
For the One who stays in the shade.

The One who is the Son of time,  
Holds the skirt of his Father.  
I resemble the Sufi,  
Beyond yesterdays and tomorrows.

You hang me like a curtain on this door.  
I didn't come here to be hanged.  
I don't deserve that.

You did a favor and saved me from being a raven.  
I keep eating sugar from Your hand, like a parrot.



When the generosity of Your hand  
Leads me to the sea,  
I will show You what kind of pearl I am.

I cannot be caught by understanding.  
I am beyond comprehension and illusion.  
I am much bigger than that.

What can you say?  
Cut the words, wherever they are.  
Look at yourself,  
Look for Me where I am.  
Because I am there.



What is Sema?

A greeting from the secret ones  
In the heart.

The strange heart comes to life  
With their letters.

The leaves and branches of the mind  
Grow with this wind.  
With this touch the body enlarges,  
Feels good, reaches peace.

The sound of the Soul's rooster  
Comes at early dawn.  
Victories are harvested  
From the sounds of Behram.

The wine of the soul  
Throws a handful of arrows to the body  
When he hears the sound of the tambourine.

The body experiences bizarre, nice feelings.  
A taste of sweetness comes to the palate  
From the reed flute and the lips of the singer.

Look and see, thousands of scorpions of grief  
Are dead and lying around.  
Joy and happiness are running without  
Glasses in their hands, around us.

The festivity, which casts spells  
Against the scorpion bite, comes.  
In fact, the ones who cast spells,  
Make charms and amulets,  
Are all from the quarter of love.

There is a Jacob jumping out of every corner,  
Because they have all smelled the skirt of Joseph.

The secrets of, "I breathed my spirit into him."<sup>65</sup>  
Brought life to our Soul.  
The words, "I breathed spirit,"  
Are the same as eating and drinking.

Since all creatures will be recreated  
With the sound of the trumpet on judgment day,  
The dead will wake up from their sleep  
And rise with the pleasure of that sound.

Throw soil on the head of the Soul  
That has been frozen and doesn't  
Respond to the melody of the trumpet.  
That soul is worse than the one  
Who has died and become nothing.

The body that drank this wine,  
The heart that became drunk with this wine,  
Will mature by cooking in the fire of separation.

The beauty of the shape of Absence  
Is beyond description and praise.  
In order to see that,  
Borrow thousands of eyes,  
Thousands of eyes.

There is such a Moon inside of you,  
That even the sun in the sky keeps calling,  
"I am your slave, your servant."

Look for that moon in your chest,  
Like Moses, son of Imran,  
And say, "Greetings, greetings to You."  
Through your window.

Give more life to Sema.  
Don't bother donkeys.  
You are the soul to Sema's soul,  
Like brightness is to time.

I should sell my tongue;  
Buy thousands of ears.  
Because the preacher with a sweet tongue  
Has climbed the pulpit.



*Verse 2498*

I won't leave you alone,  
 I care for your work, your business.  
 I attend you all the time.  
 I raise you up, make you holy,  
 Little by little, every moment.

I swear by My purest essence,  
 The Sun of my Sultanate,  
 That I won't leave you to yourself.  
 I will keep raising you up with favors.

I give glory to your face  
 With My light, My flames.  
 I scratch your head  
 With ten fingers of My compassion.

There are thousands of clouds of favors  
 In the sky of contention.  
 When I rain from those clouds,  
 I pour favors on your head.

My kindness tied your waist to heal you, to repair you.  
 I am the source of the fountain  
 Where healing and repairing springs overflow.

The elixir that gives thousands of cures  
 Has been kept boiling, flowing,  
 Since the night you told Me you were sick.

Come close to me  
So I can put a new salve on your eyes.  
You will see and understand My secrets.

My favor, My kindness are so much that,  
I hold the hand of strangers.  
How can I deprive My close ones of My kindness?

My measuring cup was found in your sack.  
I called the police to arrest you.<sup>66</sup>

You didn't understand the reason for My cruelty.  
You became confused, saying, "It is impossible."  
Yet, there were thousands of favors in that grief.

Didn't Bunyamin<sup>67</sup> find Joseph  
Because of that trouble?  
See all My affairs with the eyes of kindness.

Joseph told everything to Bunyamin  
When they were alone.  
He said, "I don't hurt anyone without reason."

I will keep silent until we are alone.  
But, O one who is attracted to Me,  
The one who is in My hand,  
Don't ever doubt Me.



# 183

*Verse 2511*

When do we roll and put  
Names and bodies out to the side?  
When do we run around in a circle  
In the middle of the assembly of Soul?

When do we drink the wine of Soul,  
Without lips and glasses,  
At the assembly of the Sultan,  
Like we did before?

When shall we tell the cupbearer of soul,  
That we are drunk, worn out,  
“We have lost our hand,  
Give us your hand?”

“Bring appetizers, offer red wine,  
We move houses on this side,  
Crying and wailing, our faces pale.”

Greet us, we surrender to Your calamities;  
Talk to us nice and warm.  
We have been chilled,  
Frozen from cold breaths.

My cupbearer will answer us,  
Say, “To scatter light,  
We are generous like the Moon.”

"You ask for sovereignty, like Solomon.  
And say, "My Lord, give me a Kingdom."<sup>68</sup>  
We don't deprive even an ant of Our kindness.  
We don't hurt even one small ant."

"You have suffered so much from Our separation.  
You have grieved so much, come to Our arms.  
We are the panacea for all troubles."

"Bring the heart which has been wounded  
By the thorn of sorrow.  
Why do you bring a rose to Us, as a gift?  
We, Ourselves, are the rose ."

If you are separated from your  
Friends, your family, come to Us.  
We are unique in Our kindness,  
Our generosity and Our Beauty.

"If you haven't done anything,  
If you are short from good deeds, even then, come.  
We have corrected the business  
Of thousands of people like you."<sup>69</sup>

Rain your tears like the one  
Who is lounging and calms the dust.  
We can't see the Moon with this dust and smoke.

Be silent.  
Don't throw dice for nothing.  
Leave this to us.  
We are the Master of this backgammon.





I really keep turning around bad luck.  
 Borrow trouble,  
 When I turn around myself,  
 My illusions, instead of You.

When I wake up in the morning, half drunk,  
 I go straight to my cupbearer.  
 I turn around Him,  
 I asked His help, His favor.

People turn around a limited few morsels.  
 Instead, I look for the Creator's  
 Endless blessings.  
 And turn around them.

Origin and presence of this universe  
 Are boundless from the limitless Universe.  
 Don't blame me if I turn endlessly.

The one who made a rose garden  
 Out of my grave-like chest,  
 Did not see that I deserved that graveyard.

What is the grave?  
 Soul does not even fit the sky.  
 I gave up five senses and six dimensions  
 And turn around only the One God.

Although I am a shiny mirror,  
It is not unnecessary to turn around  
A piece of wool for a few days.

If I was a rose, I would turn into a rose garden,  
Because of that spring.  
If I am one with that Union,  
I will become a hundred bodies.

This body is frustrated among these different shapes.  
When I become a mirror,  
Why should I turn around the body?

I should get out to pasture  
Among the stable of words.  
I am not a mule that is tied,  
Why should I turn around this pole?



**I** have such a desire in my heart;  
 I'll start a fire,  
 Burn all the ones  
 Who haven't died in Your presence.

I would break the bow of the mind.  
 That mind will know  
 I have no peer, no example.  
 I am the Sultan of the peerless.

In fact, who has ever received Your attention  
 And didn't become peerless?  
 This ruined, worn-out heart of mine  
 Turned into a place of treasure.

Where am I, that I'm boasting  
 About being a sultan?  
 I am the poorest in poverty,  
 Even worse than that.

I am such a man  
 That you put the name on me.  
 I know nothing.  
 All I know is  
 That if I am Your captive,  
 I am the Master of Masters.

Since there is a stage beyond captivity and wisdom,  
 When I am annihilated and reach  
 The land of Absence, I escape from all this.

When night comes,  
Slave and master will be the same.  
The slave doesn't even know of his captivity.

Night borrows the title of master, with sleep.  
But Love never sleeps. I am caught in Love.

Look at the Sun.  
He is Sultan for only one day.  
And Moon burns, melts and is gone  
By saying, "I am a Vizir."

I am cooked, matured by love.  
I am neither raw  
Nor deceived by raw greed.  
God has kneaded my dough with love.

If God kneaded someone's dough,  
How could he stay raw?  
I am dough which has accepted yeast,  
Not like Bulamac.<sup>70</sup>

How could the one who creates skies  
Leave me like Bulamac?  
I am like stars in the skies,  
Illuminating everywhere.

How long will you give yourself names?  
Be silent, "I am old. I am from the elderly.  
I am a patron saint."  
Those are all childish words.



# 186

*Verse 2547*

Separation has sent  
Bitter news to my ears.  
"Sweet dreams  
Are forbidden to lovers," he said.

The one who received a half greeting,  
Gave up eating and sleeping, with four tekbir.<sup>71</sup> .

Look at me.  
Love made my heart such a slave to himself,  
That I reached thousands of freedoms.

For ordinary people,  
Love is a show-off, and lust.  
But to the one who is in front,  
Love is divine light  
With no beginning of the beginning.

When it is hurt,  
My heart wants to go and repent.  
But don't laugh at me or yourself.  
Which repentance, where?

It is such a beautiful sin  
That it is blasphemy  
To repent for it, because of it.  
It is such a sin  
That there is no way to escape behind it;  
No place to rest in front of it.

To shed its blood is permissible in the four creeds.<sup>72</sup>  
Because Love doesn't shed the blood  
Of anyone except great, exalted ones.

Kill me.  
When I die,  
I will be revived by love.  
I become silent now.  
I am dead,  
Words are all gone.



# 187

*Verse 2555*

**I** will go to the corner  
And pick up the wine glass,  
Because I am in love with the wine glass,  
The enemy is my work and my affairs.

To go to a corner,  
And there be laid down as pavement,  
Is very nice for me, whatever it may cost.  
It is milk and honey to me.

But this is water and oil for a stranger.  
They will never mix with each other.  
But my fate is like the planet Venus,  
Gratitude has become drunkenness to me.

I expect from people also,  
The change of gratitude to drunkenness.  
Otherwise I give whatever exists to you, O my brother.

I will go to the place  
Where there is the wine of soul.  
I will put my head there and sleep.  
It is better that this head of mine,  
Which is full of tricks and deceits,  
Should fall asleep.



# 188

*Verse 2560*

*L*ook at me.  
Watch my pale, saffron-like cheeks.  
See the signs of the other world on me.

For the Master in my heart,  
Who has no beginning of the beginning,  
My youth would become dust  
And scatter on his way.

Open your eyes.  
Look at me carefully.  
Don't hide your heart from my heart-catching charmer.

A kiss came to my lips  
From that fortune.  
Sugar and honey are overflowing from my mouth.

What ears are hearing are words.  
But, nobody hears the shouts  
That are coming from my heart.

How many fires are burning  
From this breath in this world?  
Eternities are boiling up  
From my mortal words in the universe.

My meanings have become so restless,  
Since I have seen Shems, whom Tebriz praises.





*Verse 2567*

You are not in shape to be coy.  
 Don't try to pick fruit from  
 The tree before it is ripe.

Don't come and sit  
 Like an idol on God's Kible.  
 Don't spoil your Namaz by yourself.

When you are ripened,  
 Never mind the tree.  
 Leave it alone.  
 Don't think of hot and cold.  
 Don't worry about it.

When there is no enemy left,  
 Go to the assembly and sit there.  
 Throw your arms away.  
 Leave off the fighting.

Your silver is melted and purified.  
 Don't put it in the crucible  
 Of someone whose soul's eye is blind.

Don't ask of your beauty  
 From the captive of love.  
 Since you are the garden of God's favor,  
 Don't take the lead.



# 190<sup>73</sup>

*Verse 2573*

Come. Come and see.  
No mind, no religion is left  
After your separation.

Don't ask my pale face,  
About the sorrow of my heart,  
The fire inside me.  
They cannot be described.  
Come and see for yourself.

My face was as pink as a loaf of baked bread  
With your fire, your heat.  
Now I've become like stale bread;  
Crushed to pieces, scattered around,  
Come, pick me up from the ground.

I used to gather images from your face, like a mirror.  
Come now and see my pale, wrinkled face.

I resemble water in the riverbed,  
I keep running right and left in curves.  
Separation has set its trap on my left and right.

I am in love with your face that is beyond  
Earth and sky, because of that,  
I turn my face to the sky day and night, like earth.

"For God's sake, return from this journey.  
I wrote this in a letter and gave  
It to the morning breeze at early dawn."

I said, "If you have kil<sup>74</sup> on your head,  
Don't wash, come.  
If you have a thorn in your foot,  
Don't sit to remove it, come.

Come. Come and save me  
From these words of come and go.  
Come in such a way that my soul  
Will be free from this and that.

I sent news this morning and said,  
O prophet of love, dependable envoy,  
Go fast, for God's sake, and tell him;

I have sunk in the water,  
Am buried with my tears, like waves.  
Flames flow like fire in my heart.  
Ask his advice.  
What did he say about my remedy?  
Come and tell me.



# 191

*Verse 2584*

**I**n order to see your eyes,  
I tolerate thousands of bad eyes.  
What kind of eyes are your eyes,  
O Beauty, who shines on my eyes?

Adam has cried for three hundred years  
To obtain your contention;  
At the end, his mouth is open with the smile of union.

Make sure that smiles  
Are equal to the number of cries.  
The smile of the garden  
Results from the crying of the cloud.

If you are not human, don't cry.  
The negro doesn't cry for his black color;  
Doesn't feel bad about it.

He hasn't seen white, knows all about black.  
He is not sorry, just the opposite,  
He is happy about that.  
Go, set the stage of a hold-up on his road,  
Like the son of Rum's Kaiser.

The hero's Arabian horse receives many arrows,  
Because it is not the saddle horse, or cow.  
It is the Arabian war horse.

The horse you ride  
Is the Arabian horse.  
Someone like you, a war hero,  
The brave one of the world, is riding that horse.

When the Sultan caresses its mane, saying,  
"You are my brave choice of a horse."  
All the arrows become sugar cane.  
Those arrows are a joy, pleasure, kindness and favor.

The work horse wouldn't know that pleasure.  
It is strong and happy  
But it is not aware that it is worthless.

I repent talking, but O Lion,  
When I am in your paws,  
What is the use of repentance to me?



# 192

Verse 2696

*Page 172 of original Divan.*

Heart, don't give honey to the patients,  
And don't talk about eyes to the blind.

He is closer to man  
Than the veins in his neck,<sup>75</sup>  
But God is distant  
To the one far from Him.

Purify your insides so that  
A secret Moon  
Will appear from the curtains.

You annihilate yourself and this world.  
Even if you are not by yourself,  
Nor in this world.  
Still, you will be known and famous here.

If you are the Moon of union,  
Show a sign of union.  
Show the arms, the white chests,  
The beautiful face of houris.

If you belong to separation, just like gold,  
Where is the brand of separation?  
Minted money of the ones  
Who are separated from the Beloved  
Becomes frozen and molded.

If you don't have love, then try to be His slave.  
Because God always pays the wages  
Of the ones who serve Him.

Make sure God's love  
Resembles the ring of Solomon.  
Where is the wealth of Solomon?  
Where is the worth of ants?


Undress the garments of thought.  
Throw them out.  
Because the sun only embraces naked ones.

Take refuge in the hair of Shems of Tebriz,  
So he will spray musk on you.  
Free yourself from camphor.



# 193

*Verse 2606*

ometimes You are our guide.  
At other times You get in our way.  
You are our harvest,  
And sometimes disaster to our harvest.

You sew a thousand dresses with love,  
Then You tear them all up.  
Afterward You blame me for all this.

You are a sea with no bottom, no coast.  
Both worlds are one of Your drops.  
They both are bits of gold,  
You are hundreds of gold mines.

You have the command;  
You order the blind to open his eye.  
You grant the ability to talk,  
Then You say, "That mute, that stammering one, talk."

You eagerly make hundreds of thousands of magnets  
Out of that iron that doesn't even deserve to be a stone.

You are the One who attracts me to Your lightning.  
I have no idea whether I am a bright soul  
Or a bright body.  
How would I know that?

You are the wine. You are the drunkenness.  
You are the enemy. You are the friend.  
Thousands of great souls  
Will be sacrificed to this enemy.



You are the real Shemseddin,  
The soul whom Tebriz praises.  
You grant hundreds of springs of soul  
To ones who deserve  
Hundreds of the coldest winters.



# 194

*Verse 2614*

○ my Soul, Your bitter sorrow  
Turns me into pearl.  
The place of pearl and coral  
Really is the sea of suffering.

When it comes to royalty,  
That is another sea of pleasure.  
Such a sea,  
That the four rivers of heaven originate there.<sup>76</sup>

At this moment, I am Alexander,  
Who has arrived at the junction of two seas  
To save my soul from disease and trouble.<sup>77</sup>

I will build a big wall  
To save the people  
From Yecuc and Mecuc.<sup>78</sup>

Because they drink the sea,  
Their thirst leaves not  
A drop of water in this world.

Because they belong to the fire  
Created by the elements of hell,  
They are against the favors of heaven.  
They are curtains to the light of the heart.

They are more than any number,  
Because they come from grief and distress.  
Grief is also God's attribute,  
Which has no beginning and no end.

They are all naked.  
Their clothes are the flesh of body.  
How could they be dressed,  
Be covered for a clear view, O heart?

The quilt is his left ear,  
The mattress his right.  
At night, make sure that  
Yecuc and Mecuc has been long gone.

The quilt and mattress of the One who makes mimic,  
Resembles the knowledge of imitation.  
He belongs to the tribe of Yecuc and Mecuc.  
He is not man.

Because the heart resembles a window,  
The sun reflects through that window,  
Illuminates the surroundings.  
And particles play in that light,  
Clapping their hands.

The heart has thousands of names,  
Thousands of attributes.  
Each one is the opposite to the other.  
They are all different.

For example, somebody is father to you,  
But son of another one, brother of another.

Just like the names of God are comprehended  
Differently according to everyone.  
For the disbeliever, He is overpowering.  
For us, He is merciful.

**There are some people  
Who look like angels to you;  
For others they are devils.**

**Your secret is open, obvious to you,  
But, for others it is hidden.  
It is covered.**



# 195

*Verse 2630*

**S**oul will never be satisfied  
By Your blessing.  
I should have a thousand mouths  
And throats at Your table.

Come.  
You are the fountain of life.  
I am most thirsty.  
I will neither be tired and give up,  
Nor is there a limit to Your blessing.'

Come.  
You are a sea which stands in emptiness.  
I am a fish.  
I am in the sea.  
But who has ever has seen  
The end of the coast of that sea?

This muddy, turbid water  
Is a small drop from Your sea.  
But it is soul for the one who is thirsty.

Come.  
Come. You are the Sun.  
I am a particle.  
I dance around in front of Your face's light.



# 196

*Verse 2635*

I have been your guest for four days.  
I want to stay three more days.  
I want to be your guest three more days.

For these three days, four days,  
Don't frown, so this heart  
Won't have a hundred thousand doubts.

I like all this food,  
But your sour face bothers me.  
The sourness sets my teeth on edge.

All sourness will be sweet  
When compared to Him.  
O smiling moon, don't frown.

Open those smiling lips,  
Honey and sweets are there.  
There are hundreds of marmalades of roses  
Hidden in those favors, that kindness.

Don't frown.  
The face that God has created with honey and sugar,  
Doesn't deserve that bitterness.

It is not the time to frown.  
Hundreds of thousands of bitterness and sourness  
Come close to your face.  
They all become joy and beauty.

If your face should be hidden  
At the day of judgment,  
Hell will be more pleasant than the top of heaven.

If you desire a brand new spring  
In the middle of winter,  
Go to the garden of your beauty,  
Plant trees there.

If you want people to see  
Festivities on Friday;  
Climb the pulpit, praise yourself,  
Tell of your attributes.

No. I said it wrong.  
If you climb the pulpit,  
The pulpit will fly like a heart.

You host me with your sugar and honey.  
Don't put grass in front of me.  
I am not an animal.

What does an angel eat?  
The Beauty of God.  
Food for the Moon and stars  
Comes from the earth's sun.

When Egyptians were afraid of hunger,  
People were being nourished  
From the beauty of Joseph.

I should be silent,  
Because He wants me to keep talking  
So He will disappear.  
That's what the Beloved wants.

This is not true either;  
Because if He wants to pull me  
Down from the donkey,  
What's the use of holding onto the saddle?

Unless He shows the way to hold,  
Because He is the One  
Who repairs and tears the bag.

If I appear to be angry with someone,  
Scold him or get along with others,  
In reality my world is directed to Him.  
He is the only One to whom I keep talking.

Be silent.  
That wind won't blow over these words.  
Because the winds that blow away,  
Won't be a confidant to them.





# 197

*Verse 2654*

**I** have recited four poems.  
"No," he said,  
"Say something better than those."  
"Alright, but offer that choice wine first."

Grab this sixth glass with  
Your blessed five fingers, offer it and say,  
"Take a drink, drink even fifty-five glasses."

Give me your gazelle,  
Take my gazel.  
Show me your face  
And see my brand new poem.

Get rid of my hangover with this wine,  
Which cannot be contained either by earth or sky.  
So I won't tell poems about hangovers.

You kindness, your contentedness  
Have made me belligerent and obstinate.  
I was so humble and well-behaved before.

You take away a thousand-year-old modesty  
With one glass.  
The drunkenness of your love, has left no bashful eyes.

Thanks to you, the world is filled  
With Leylas and Mecnuns.<sup>79</sup>  
Your Grace has created thousands  
Of Vizes and thousands of Ramins.<sup>80</sup>

If Your face of union  
Casts shadows to the universe,  
Neither Kiran nor Karin would exist.

You are the Sun,  
Everything else, besides You,  
Are like shadows.  
It depends on You.  
They move at random to the left and right.

Sometimes they cover the whole universe.  
Sometimes they disappear  
Like the dice of backgammon,  
Which change from one shape to the other.  
They all fit in your hand  
And become the way you throw.

*Page 173 of original Divan.*

Your Beauty sits, calm and quiet,  
Yet our love struggles.  
We are wrinkled like a tablecloth,  
But there is not even a line  
On the forehead of Your separation.

Your Beauty's calmness is bizarre;  
More so than our restlessness.  
Most amazing; when you stick  
Your head out of one ambush and appear,  
That is when things will start happening.



# 198

*Verse 2666*

**F**or your soul's sake,  
Don't stay away from this lover.  
Understand this poor one.  
Merge, stay together.  
Don't go home. Don't leave me.

Don't try to find excuses,  
Quit apologizing.  
Don't despise me.  
Don't be puffed up and arrogant.

Wine is ready.  
Good fortune is our friend.  
You are the cupbearer, now serve wine.  
Don't try the tricks of cupbearers.

Look at the brave faces.  
They are all your drunks.  
While they are there,  
Don't look at the window, corridor or doorsill.

Don't live anywhere but in the circle of lovers.  
Don't settle down anywhere but in the tavern.

Look and see.  
The world is a trap.  
Wishes and desires are the bait.  
Don't run into its trap.  
Don't be tempted with bait.

When you free yourself from that trap,  
Walk on the sky.  
Don't step on any threshold but the sky's.

Don't pay attention to either sun or Moonlight.  
Be alone and don't ask for anybody  
But that unique, sole beauty.

Be restless, keep moving like a cup on top of water.  
Don't settle down without Him.  
Don't run to every kitchen  
With the plate in your hand.

Time gets lighter and darker,  
It becomes hot and cold.  
You go to the source of time,  
And stay there, don't go anywhere.

Don't try to praise Him.  
Don't try to cover His scolding and reprimands.  
Don't try to tempt Him with sweet pastry.  
It is difficult to please the One who is full.

But, what's the use.  
Beauties are like that.  
Don't talk like the flame of a fire.  
Please, don't glitter.

Tell, burn and destroy whatever you want,  
Except don't mention separation.  
I don't deserve that.  
Whatever you want, do it, it is alright,  
Just don't do that to me.



# 199

*Verse 2679*

If my words are not suitable to your lips,  
Hit my mouth with a big stone.  
Crack my face, my mouth.

The mother who scolds her child  
Does this for his good.  
Even if she pricks his lips with needles.

Break, tear, burn and wound hundreds of lips,  
Even hundreds of worlds for the beauty  
And the greatness of Your lips.

When he arrives on the shore, thirsty, and is insolent,  
Hit him on the neck with the sword of waves.

I am a slave, servant to the iris,  
Because it has seen the rose garden.  
It has such a tongue, has seen your narcissus eyes,  
And became shy, its tongue was tied, and it left.

But I am not like that.  
I resemble a tambourine.  
When You touch me with Your hand, I yell,  
"Hit my face, hit my face," I say, "hit me like mortar."

Don't leave me that Sema,<sup>81</sup> become jubilant.  
The voice of the nightingale  
Is pleasant only in the rose garden.

Yes, eyes are sleepy and languid  
Because of the rose garden of meaning.  
You pull your skirt, retire from this dirty world.

If Joseph's naked beauty wasn't the best,  
Blind eyes wouldn't open with the touch of his shirt.<sup>82</sup>

Although the light of soul is essential,  
Again, nobody has reached that sky without a body.

Be silent. You will hear these words from my grave,  
Even though the one who washes dead bodies,  
Ties my jaws.



## 200

*Verse 2690*

Don't do it.  
It is not nice to kill the innocent.  
Don't go. Don't go.  
You are light. You are bright eyes.

You did a favor, opened your dog's mouth  
So that our head became  
Pregnant by your drunkenness.

Since you've opened,  
Stop tying like a purse of expense.  
Don't cover the top of this jar.  
The house becomes dark  
When you close the window.

The one who is grieving  
Resembles a target for the arrow.  
He has no shield  
Other than ecstasy and drunkenness.

Both of love's hands  
Are like the hands of David.  
Even iron melts down  
Like wax in His palm.

You have to listen to the words of love from Love.  
Because Love resembles a mirror.  
He talks.  
At the same time, He is mute, stays silent.

Although people's blood is on his hands,  
Even then O Heart, go ahead,  
Embrace and take love into your heart.

Love is not afraid  
To pay the cost of someone's life.  
He has wealth and treasures.  
Death comes back to life because of Him,  
Gets out of the coffin.

Sleep grabbed your collar,  
Flew to the land of Absence, and early dawn.  
You will be free from His hand.  
You'll find an armful of garments,  
And you'll grab the one you find there.

Go and sleep.  
I'll tell the rest of the gazel tomorrow.  
People go to the rose garden in the morning,  
And step on rose petals in the day time.





# 201

*Verse 2701*

If you can't find me here,  
Look for me in that heaven,  
next to the beloved.  
At that rose garden, that meadow,  
Look for me.

I have laid down,  
Lazy and idle like a shadow.  
You look for me  
In the shade of the steady eternal cypress.

If you want to see me drunk,  
Passed out on the ground,  
Look for me around those sleepy eyes.

If you are too tired to count the days,  
Enter the circle of drunks  
And count innumerable glasses.

Dive in that sea which is full of glory.  
Plunge into those sleepy eyes.  
Search the secret pearls of the Creator.

Look for the tearless heart  
Next to the Beloved.  
Pick up the immortal rose  
In that spring.

The man who looks for peace and stability  
Is a cold, frozen man.  
You search for a restless, drunken lover,  
Take his heart  
Which doesn't know peace and decision.

If you don't have light,  
Ask for light from Him.  
If you don't have wine,  
Ask for wine from Him.

If I did something wrong in your assembly  
While I was out of myself last night,  
Look for the apology of my poor mind  
At those cheeks, on that beautiful face.

Whatever you look for,  
Search the real source.  
Ask for beautiful fragrance  
From musk, from the rose,  
For wounds and hurt from the thorn.

I see the image of the Beloved  
Riding a horse.  
O Heart, expect wonderful news  
From this rider.

All those old, passed souls  
Have been gathered around Him.  
His arms are full.  
Ask for their roses  
From those arms.

When morning comes,  
Ask for morning wine from Him.  
When night comes,  
Ask for food, look for morning in Him.

Be as silent as the pupil of the eye.  
That is your place.  
If He is not in your eye,  
If His image doesn't come to your eye,  
Still, look for Him with patience, stay in the eye.

Shems, whom Tebriz praises,  
Is the eye of Absence and nothingness.  
Be nothing and look for him in Absence.



## 202

*Verse 2715*

I am not such a person  
Who will talk about His blessings.  
Never mind blessings, I am drunk,  
Overwhelmed by the pleasure of His troubles.

If I cry and wail like a harp,  
This is not to complain of Him.  
I turned into a harp.  
I am in His arms of mercy.

If I pass from one tune to another,  
It is not because of me.  
Every vessel in my body  
Depends on His strike.  
I harmonize with Him.

I don't have sugar,  
But I sound like a reed flute,  
Because I keep tasting pleasure  
From His lips of kindness.

Times of anger or goodness  
All come from that hand.  
Since I am on His terms,  
How can I do anything else?

It is not shame  
If I steal a color from the sun.  
Garnet is also adorned from Him.  
Is this a shame?

If I don't steal greatness,  
Like a ruby, from that Sun,  
How can I pass through my own existence  
Dyed with His color?

Doesn't the thief's black eyes  
Steal from Him?  
Doesn't he steal, secretly,  
The light of senses and wisdom from Him?

If you steal from a human,  
Be satisfied with less,  
Because the nature of man is greed.

But, if you steal from Him,  
Steal pearls worth worlds.  
Do what I say if you know His habits, His kindness.

Because God only punishes small thieves,  
Curses only the ones  
Who steal temporary garments  
That wear out quickly.

It is too bad, I cannot explain, I am afraid to tell.  
The sword of His religion  
Is pulled out of its sheath, shining and flashing.

It is assumed that the guilt of the thief is greed.  
No, his real guilt is the greed of ordinary things.



# 203

Verse 2728

Just about time to sleep.  
When I feel sleepy,  
You say, "Come on, wake up."  
Since you are fond of words and music  
Say something newer and more beautiful.

When I lost my hands and feet in sleep,  
You pulled my ear, "Wake up," You say,  
"Tell the story from the beginning."

*Page 174 of original Divan*

When the face of day is hidden  
Behind the black, curly hair of evening,  
You say, "Come on,  
Tell me about that amber, black, curly hair."

The fire of sleep has fallen on the reed bed.  
You come, telling me to, "Talk about sugar lips."

You are not satisfied, even if I tell one,  
When I complete the gazel,  
"No," You say, "tell me again and again."

Just compare me with yourself  
When you are about to go to sleep.  
Your servant comes and ask you  
To talk about ambergris.  
What do you do?

You came here very cheerfully,  
Whatever you drank, tell me about that.  
Give me a little bit of that to drink.

Since you want drunken songs and poems,  
You also talk about glasses and cups with this lover.

I am joking with these words.  
I am dust under your feet.  
Call me Kaymaz or Sencer.<sup>83</sup>  
It doesn't matter, all are the same.



# 204

*Verse 2737*

That bad-tempered love  
Pulled me a thousand times  
From roof to room, at night.  
Then led me to the end of the quarter.

Night came so suddenly, so quickly  
And pulled my ear  
Like the handle of a pitcher.

I am a pitcher  
Completely dependent on Him,  
Regardless of what is in me.  
The jar is the captive of the water carrier.  
How could it escape from Him?

He breaks the pitcher  
Thousands of times with stones,  
But, I am happy  
For His breaking, or repairs, with pleasure.

A pitcher surrenders its ears to Him, wholeheartedly,  
With the hope of swallowing waves in the river.





# 205

*Verse 2742*

When the sun rises  
From the bottom of black water,  
You hear the voice say,  
"There is no one to worship,  
But God," from every particle.

Particles are nothing.  
When the soul's sun rose,  
The particle of that sun would snatch  
The hat and coat of this sun.

When heart, which resembles the Moon,  
Appears through the mud like a human,  
Hundreds of Josephs, like suns,  
Would fall into the well.

You are not lower than an ant.  
Raise your head from the ground.  
Tell something about the valley,  
The harvest, to the other ants.

An ant is not aware of our green, fresh ear of corn.  
That's why he is satisfied  
With one decayed, putrefied, piece of grain.

Tell the ant, "It is springtime,  
You have hands and feet,  
Why don't you rise from the grave?  
Why don't you go forward to the valley?"

Is it worth the mention of the ant?  
Even Solomon has torn his garment of longing.  
My God, forgive us for giving these silly examples.

But material is cut depending on the desire of the buyer.  
Material is long but the size is small.

Bring that tall-statured one to me.  
That bow's string of Moon  
Would be broken when it sees him.  
Bring him, so that I can give him  
The whole length of the garment.

I will become silent now.  
With my silence, truth and others  
Would be separated like grain and straw.



O Heart, who sees the pleasure  
 Of early dawn like a morning breeze,  
 Are you drunk?  
 What have you seen or what haven't you seen?

Sometimes you plunge into  
 A sea of confusion, forget yourself.  
 Sometimes when you have the urge,  
 To see ambergris in the mountain.

Hundreds of windows are opened  
 Beyond the eyes and heart.  
 You flew out of the sky and earth  
 To see hundreds of different skies.

Such exuberance, such a haze has fallen to the sea,  
 That heads turned into eyes  
 With the pleasure of seeing them.<sup>84</sup>

The tears are flowing from my eyes, wave by wave,  
 And mix with the sea.  
 Tears and sea became a strange ocean,  
 Or turned into an eye.<sup>85</sup>

In His eyes, both worlds  
 Resemble a piece of grain in front of a rooster.  
 The eye that has seen greatness  
 Is like that anyway.

The one who sees as the same,  
The attributes of the one who wants,  
From the one who is wanted, at the world of union,  
Is neither the one who wants nor the one wanted.

Who knows God?  
The one who is free from "La."<sup>86</sup>  
Who is one who is free from "La"?  
The lover who has been through suffering.

"There is nobody but God in my robe."<sup>87</sup>  
The lover understood these symbols;  
That He considered this robe an ordinary dress  
And wanted to throw it away,  
Appear with his real being.

Heart opened his mouth and told Selahaddin,  
"You are my soul.  
You are the eye which has seen God."



# 207

*Verse 2762*

**T**he beloved's privacy is at Sema,  
And you slept there.  
Be ashamed from that scattered hair.

From now on, I will spend all night traveling,  
Holding the beloved's curly hair.  
Long evenings will last with the beautiful beloved,  
And untold stories.

Those beauties pour out their woes piteously  
From behind the curtains.  
Their favors and kindness are hidden at night.

You put them to sleep.  
Free yourself from pairs. Be alone.  
Don't go to His palace at night when you're sleepy.

Know this for sure;  
Night's privacy is like an ocean.  
Untouched pearls are at the bottom.

The face of our Sultan,  
Shems of Tebriz, that shows the Kaaba, in sleep,  
Would be the equivalent of an accepted pilgrimage.



**I**t is a wonder for the heart  
 That is in love with a beauty.  
 But even more amazing is that,  
 His beauty is sitting in front of him.

Rub your eyes, look carefully, O heart.  
 Slow down, don't run around like that.

You are running to the sea with open hands.  
 Yet, the pearl for which you are looking  
 Is always with you.  
 It is in your heart.

How lucky is that person  
 Who is always helpless.  
 He is agile, pleasant and light-hearted.

The person who goes all around,  
 Searching for Him, will be tired from this search,  
 Unless he comes back to himself.

Heart is hurt from one thorn in the rose garden of soul.  
 O Heart, come and see what one thorn would do  
 In hundreds of bouquets of roses.

When dust rises from the land of heart,  
 When drums and flags are placed there.  
 Banners of existence would be torn to pieces.

Come to the town of Absence and watch the drunks.  
See the ones who are freed from self,  
And thousands of selves, like themselves.

The Sultan has put both his feet  
On the palace of eternity.  
He washed his hands of this temporary cover.



# 209

*Verse 2777*

**G**o. Go away.  
What a goat deserves is a kid.  
Go. For the calf,  
Life and soul are only an ox.

Go. Go.  
Donkeys are all gathered in a herd,  
Young ones, old ones,  
Even one-year-old foals.  
They are all together.

I keep smelling donkeys  
From your boasting.  
Donkeys also bray for green pasture,  
Or for a female donkey's ass.

One has to have a clean nose  
To smell musk and amber.  
For animals,  
There are heaps and heaps of dirt.

What a time, and mess  
When the donkey smells donkey's urine.


Don't come.  
Donkeys cannot reach to the ground of the heart.  
The one who imagines is caught  
In a hundred thousand imaginations.



It is the demon who attends,  
And becomes a pimp for that earth's bride.  
Look at them, and think of the bride.

Be silent.  
It is not necessary to talk to everyone.  
Friends can understand you  
With sign language.



 philosopher friend,  
 Who is freed from the bondage  
 Of self and existence,  
 I am the drunk of your face.  
 Look at me once with those drunken eyes.

I have become crazy, insane  
 From your drunken eyes.  
 In fact, drunk and insane  
 Are from the same origin.

You see my broken, ruined heart.  
 Look at me nicely,  
 Because the sun also shines nicely on ruins.

You look just once.  
 Amazing trees  
 Grow from one seed with your look.

Your eyes are like two drunks,  
 Strangers, cruel blood-shedders.  
 They throw arrows in a strange Turkish way.

They look at me and the house of heart  
 So much now,  
 That Hasan<sup>88</sup> is running to his house barefooted.

We would come to the garden  
For the beauty of your face.  
We should tear all the houses down  
And turn them into a flat valley.

O Selahaddin, you are a Moon.  
You don't need description.  
A comb is not necessary  
To comb the hair of houris.



# 211

*Verse 2793*

Don't eat too much from the food  
That becomes a curtain to your eyes.  
Otherwise you will lose the way to your home.  
You won't have a tent.

Although you think your life  
Depends on this morsel of food,  
It is like a hair  
Grown on the eyes of your soul.  
Also, it is a curtain  
For your head's eye.

Don't hang around here.  
Don't say, "Why not?"  
This excursion is the curtain  
For soul's eye.

The spell of body shows every poison  
Like honey and sugar,  
But He is like a bride  
Who appears behind the curtain  
And puts up a curtain  
To prevent you from seeing the truth.

*Page 175 of original Dixan*

When you stop taking food, you'll see more images.  
They will come to you.  
The other images are the curtains  
Drawn on the door of purity and clarity.

The image which comes from nature  
Covers the face of soul's image.  
Reason yells, saying,  
"This is the curtain which adds Soul to soul."

O Heart, get out  
Of this different shape and color curtains,  
So these curtains won't separate you  
From the Beloved.



That fairy-looking beauty  
 Is the sum of both worlds.  
 When He opens the cover of his face,  
 Even Venus will disappear.

If He rides the Burak<sup>89</sup> of meaning,  
 Who will talk about His sovereignty?  
 Who has the power to do any business?

When that Sultan throws the glass ball  
 To the cup of sky,  
 All the stars get out of His way.

The angel Gabriel prostrates when he sees him.  
 Even the angels who are the closest to God,  
 Will have benefit from him.

Our master, stately bird of the throne of God,  
 Shems of Tebriz, is such a man that even  
 The seven seas become a drop in front of him.



**Y**ou turned into eyes,  
 Then you made us invisible.  
 We cannot see You.  
 After that You saw our crying  
 And started to laugh.

Laugh, O soul.  
 Laugh, O universe.  
 Laughing is your right.  
 Whatever you do, it is perfect, excellent.

Heart of tulips are black with  
 The sorrow of your separation.  
 Roses have torn their dresses  
 After seeing the beauty of your face.

Clean, pure souls  
 Were chosen among the people of earth,  
 And you are the chosen one among them,  
 O my Beloved.

Make sure that love is a grass  
 That has grown taller  
 By winding around my tree.

When my tree is dries and grows taller,  
 When my face becomes pale values like gold,

There is a treasure of pearls and jewels in my heart.  
 But, his heart has spent them all, gambling.

This heart of mine has broken  
So many pots of existence,  
But your sleepy narcissus eyes  
Haven't repaired any of them.

Neither raw nor cooked  
Remained in my heart, from one omen.  
Help. Help. What a fire you have started.

Shems of Tebriz has caressed me like a reed flute.  
Sorrow is the reason and excuse for the flute  
And the flute players, but that is the truth.





# 214

*Verse 2815*

**T**here is no one but God to worship.  
What a nice flag. What a nice banner.  
There is no one but God to be worshipped.  
Step to the height of sky.

What nice dust that sultan has raised  
From the sea of existence and non-existence, like Moses.  
There is no one but God to be worshipped.

Beings have been covered with attributes of purity  
At the eternal assembly because of His shyness.  
There is no one but God to be worshipped.

One of His reproaches is better  
Than a hundred thousand favors.  
There is no one but God to be worshipped.

Wherever He looks, thousands of  
Gardens of Irem<sup>90</sup> grow and develop.  
There is no one but God to be worshipped.

Perhaps there will be a day  
When I will reach the shore  
On waves of favors and kindness from the sea of sorrow.  
There is no one but God to be worshipped.

The soul of the one you see, who is submerged in grief,  
Did not receive even one smell from my Sultan.  
There is no one but God to be worshipped.

How pitiful is the eye that hasn't obtained salve  
From the Sultan of Tebriz, how pitiful.  
There is no one but God to be worshipped.

Thousands of the word "Yes"  
Come from hearts and souls  
When, "Am I not your God?"  
Is heard from the Sultan.<sup>91</sup>  
There is no one but God to be worshipped.

Our Sultan, Shemseddin,  
Is a heaven of kindness and greatness.  
He is the cure for all diseases.  
There is no one but God to be worshipped.

My heart is covered by a woolen cloak,  
It's going to Tebriz, like Kaaba,  
Turning around in that harem.  
There is no one but God to be worshipped.

Wouldn't it be nice if I say  
"Hey, who is at the door?"  
And He answers me, "I am."  
There is no one but God to be worshipped.



# 215

*Verse 2827*

**M**y heart became an eye.  
You are like an image on that eye.  
“What a nice fortune,” it said to the eye.

Both eyes became drunk,  
Ruined by the hope of Union.  
O my God, how is the union of eye to eye?

When eye turns into a forest  
To my drunken lion,  
Wolves and jackals won't be able  
To show up there.

Open your eyes  
And see the glory of great wisdom,  
Which came from the light of the kingdom  
Of that good-mannered One.

The eyes of soul's hoopoe bird flew away  
When he saw the tent,  
The flag of that charmer,  
Whom hundreds of Solomons envy.

When the Sun of Beauty  
Reflects on the eyes,  
What a light, a gleam,  
Shines from the glory of Greatness.

When the Mind of mind  
Comes to the house of body,  
And becomes a guest,  
Intelligence wouldn't have the power to look at him.

Both eyes became drunk with the glass  
Of the greatest of the great, Shemseddin.  
What wines there are at the eyes, what wines.



With whom did you sleep last night?  
 Who was with you, Beloved,  
 That your sweat  
 Filled Hamam<sup>92</sup>  
 With the smell of musk?

Even the stone has turned  
 Into a comb with your love.  
 Fairies have invited you to Hamam,  
 They beg for you to come.

After seeing your hair,  
 Every piece of the comb became  
 Like an index finger instrument,  
 Giving evidence of God's unity.

The privacy of Hamam is filled  
 With the glory of your face.  
 The ceiling turned into glass, sparkling and shining.

Be silent so that even the soil  
 Can reach separation, like water.  
 The ones who belong to you  
 Have become knowledgeable  
 About descendants.



**Y**ou are the sultan of charm,  
 The essence of beauty.  
 How does soil crush and mix with water?  
 You also mix and are crushed with soul and mind;  
 Become soul and mind.

Come. Come, you are the soul  
 And salvation of the people.  
 Come. Come, you are the light and eyes of Jacob.

Put your feet on my water, my soil.  
 Step on this wet, clay body of mine  
 So that water and soil become purified  
 From darkness with your kindness.

Stones become garnet by your brightness,  
 The one who wants you would become wanted  
 Because of that desire, and reach to that degree.

Come. Come so that you offer beauty, give greatness.  
 Come. Come so that you are the remedy,  
 The cure for thousands of "Jobs."

Come. Come, although you have never  
 Really been gone, but even then, come again.  
 I will tell you every word nicely and beautifully, come.

You are worth hundreds of souls.  
You come instead of soul,  
You come and enter my body.  
You are beautiful, you pull the one who loves you,  
Takes him in your arms.

Is He the one who is Sultan of the world?  
But, O scattered, disordered world,  
Why are you so confused?  
Tell me for His Soul.

Sometimes you become green,  
Elegant from His green flag.  
Sometimes you would be defeated,  
Demolished by His fierce army.

The time comes when you make paintings  
Like a painter.  
Another time you sweep and lift the covers  
Like an upholsterer.

When you sweep forms and shapes,  
You make them angels, give them wings.

Be silent, watch the water inside of the water bag.  
You'll be blamed if you spill that.

The Duldul<sup>93</sup> of Heart jumped,  
Started down the road, turned into a riding horse.  
For that reason, your heart has  
Reached Shems, whom Tebriz praises.



The beauty of that Arab caught my mind, my heart.  
There were thousands of amazing things  
In his drunk eyes.

I used to have thousands of thoughts,  
Thousands of manners, but now I am drunk,  
Ruined, it is time for impertinence.

The one who created reason,  
Closed the door of reason here.  
Yet, He is making reason out of no reason.

The other day, I went to his neighborhood as a drunk.  
Angrily, he asked me, "What did you lose?  
For what do you search? What do you want?"

I said a few things in broken Arabic,  
"I came to look for my father's place."

He answered, "Where did you sleep?  
In front of Mohammed's mind,  
The old rubbish of Abu-Lehab<sup>94</sup> means nothing."

I became very humble, apologetic.  
"I made an oath on God's essence,  
For the purity of the Prophet's Soul," I said.

But, what's the use of apologies and oaths?  
The falcon who attacks its prey with anger,  
Doesn't land on the ground.



Tears came from my eyes,  
Like the water man brings rain from the clouds  
That resemble water bags.

What can I do?  
The one who talks against me is from our house.  
My face is so pale, like gold.  
My eyes scattered tears like clouds.

*Page 176 of original Divan.*

Alas, I wish my charming soul  
Was fond of wealth and property,  
Or deceived with words of "Master, master."

I wish he would be stranded by a trick,  
Or would be drunk on grape wine.

When I am desperate,  
He will put his mouth to my ear.  
My head, my ear would be in such shape  
From those honey-sweet lips.

I would be a slave, a servant for that moment  
Of helplessness, that wine of union  
Sparkles in Halepo's<sup>95</sup> bottle.

The Beloved offers wine, that's why I worship wine.  
My face used to be pale, like gold,  
Now its become red, like the wine bottle.

Love is my brother.  
Love is my father.  
All of my origin, my family are love.  
Love is the eternal relation, no blood kinship.

Be silent, that Shems of Tebriz,  
Whom East and West praise,  
Will write my name and fame  
With a nice nickname.



# 219

*Verse 2870*

☾ Moon, I swear by the dust of your feet  
That the night you rise and shine  
You are worth dear life.  
At least, you don't run away, like our life.

You are the eye.  
You are the light for night passengers.  
You are the fire, you are the water  
For the one who will fly to the sky.

While passing by stages of the universe  
During this auspicious trip,  
If you meet our Moon-faced One by accident,

Although He is the Soul of the earth,  
Soul has no particular place,  
And you are already immersed in blessings.  
But, still go to His place.

Tell him, "You are all present  
And all seeing everywhere."  
I have news for you,  
Your answer will be appreciated.

This is the beginning of the game.  
Yet you've already won thousands of times.  
You are still behind the cover,  
Yet you have lifted thousands of covers.

There are so many strikes and wails to my heart.  
My heart is like a rebab,<sup>96</sup>  
But what a lucky rebab it is  
To be in the hands of the best rebab player, like You.

My heart is a rebab for You,  
My body is ruined, demolished,  
An open space for You.  
Turn around this space by playing  
The rebab like a drunk.

Everybody is drunk with Your glass,  
But everyone drank a different kind of wine.  
You never asked from which glass did they drink?

O Heart, you are sinking every moment,  
Where is the coast of that sea?  
You keep burning all the time.  
Where is the fire of Absence?



## 220

*Verse 2880*

**Y**ou made a sour face, sat down pouting.  
You broke the jug.  
You have an excuse now,  
You keep saying, "I don't give you water."

Whatever has happened, happened with drunkenness.  
Don't give me trouble.  
Instead of that jug I'll give you thousands of golden jars.

You are the fountain of life.  
It is not important if a pitcher is lost.  
You are the soul. You are the universe.  
You don't need a jar.

Come, it is a precious day today.  
Form an assembly.  
But don't do what you did last night.  
Don't jump and disappear from us.

The other day, I went to love's house while drunk.  
He smiled and asked me to come in,  
Then said, "You are not short of breath anymore."

If You take one heart, You give a thousand souls.  
If You wound one body, You give a thousand salves.

How can I not fall at Your feet?  
You are the crown of heads.  
How can I not kiss Your hand?  
You are most capable of doing everything.

O heart, drink a glass of wine  
To wake up from that hangover.  
O beauty, since you are worshipping idols,  
You might as well worship an idol like that.

With the Grace of God you reached the Kingdom.  
Give thanks for that.  
Go to the world of heart with great happiness, O heart.

Whatever you say,  
Silver-bodied ones write with gold.  
Even then be silent.

God's light, Iman<sup>97</sup> of the right way Husameddin,  
Is saving people from this banal world;  
Leading them to the height of the world of soul.



*Verse 2891*

Not this temporary one,  
 But the second eternal soul  
 Has been freed from Self.  
 It has been chased by the Sultan of sultans,  
 In the land of drunkenness.

What a presence is that soul  
 That found him, suddenly, in the land of absence.  
 What a greatness in that soul,  
 Which has reached Him from such an ordinary world.

Since You broke me into the world of reality,  
 O my Beautiful,  
 Since then, everything I don't know becomes reality.

When love performed cupping on me,  
 Cut my head and body vessels,  
 I was drained out of my body, like blood.

Love's doctor came, grabbed the ear of my heart,  
 And said, "Give my present.  
 I have good news for you.  
 You'll are from the trouble of your body."

You used to ask,  
 "When does the morning breeze come?"  
 You are saved from waiting.  
 From now on you are not the slave of the sea,  
 Nor will you be caught by a fishing line.

Since You have tied the purse  
Of Shems of Tebriz on your belt,  
Buy this kind of things from him  
And keep selling them to the people.





## 222

*Verse 2898*

*A*re you a lover?  
Who are you?  
Where do you come from?  
Why are you looking at me with reproach?  
Did you buy me so I can take care of you at night?

What did I do wrong to you  
That made you throw your hat on the ground,  
Tear your caftan like a mourner?

You are sorrowing,  
Pitying yourself for past incidents,  
As if you had seen the scars in the hearts of lovers,  
Heard their troubles and grief.

You are of Jacob's origin.  
Your mistake is apparent from your face.  
You have seen Joseph's face and cut your fingers.

If your heart is not wounded by the beloved's eyes,  
Why does your neck turn into a bow  
With sorrow and grief?  
Why is your back bent down?

The smell of musk is coming  
From your sighs and wails.  
You must be musk's gazelle.  
You live in a garden of jasmine.

Whoever you are, listen to these words.  
Although you have eaten  
Lots of fruits of wisdom,  
Hear this:

This word is about your soul.  
It doesn't matter if you are a master of masters  
Or a disciple.  
My word is a voice.  
Hear this:

You suppose that yourself is the trouble;  
But you are the cure.  
You suppose yourself to be the lock;  
But you are the key.

If I talk about your qualities,  
You are the top intellect.  
If I complete all the words,  
You are Beyazid.

It is too bad that you want to be someone else.  
You don't see your face, your beauty.  
Yet, you are the most beautiful.

The only one who knows you  
Is the One who made you man.  
Others won't know  
Because you are the secret of secrets.

O Heart, reach the Beloved.  
Don't get stuck with yourself.  
Because you are an itinerant,  
You are agile, you are unique.

You left Egypt because of the bad luck of the pharaoh;  
And found refuge at Shuayb.<sup>98</sup>

The Beloved resembles our life,  
For that reason it is better to make this talk longer.  
That's why you get us involved with long talks.

O Shems of Tebriz,  
I keep running behind your shadow.  
Am I Arefe?<sup>99</sup>  
Are you a Bairam?



*A*t last, you flew to the secret world.  
 I wonder which way you left this world?  
 Which way?

You took wing at last,  
 Broke the cage, took to the air;  
 Went to the world of Soul.

You were a Sultan's falcon  
 In the hands of an old woman.<sup>101</sup>  
 You heard the sound of the drum,  
 And flew to the land of Absence.

You were a drunk nightingale among ravens.  
 You got the smell of the rose  
 Then flew to the rose garden.

You had so many hangovers from this sour wine,  
 Suffered so many headaches,  
 But at the end, you went to the tavern of eternity.

You turned into an arrow  
 To reach the target of kingdom.  
 You were thrown out of this bow  
 And flew to that target.

This world showed wrong directions like Gulyabani.<sup>102</sup>  
 You left them all and went to the charmer  
 Whose trace is invisible.

What would you do with a crown?  
You've become the sun.  
What's the use of a belt?  
You got out of waist.

I have heard you became two eyes looking at soul.  
Why do you look at soul?  
You have reached the Soul of souls.

O Heart, what a peerless bird you are,  
That you flew with your two wings  
From the hunt of the One who gives awards generously.  
You turned as a shield, went toward the spears.

The rose runs away from autumn.  
What kind of rose are you  
That you lead the wind of autumn  
In front and go by fading and withering?

You rain from the sky to the earth.  
Run all around;  
But at the end you go to the gutter.

Be silent.  
Don't bother talking.  
Keep sleeping with comfort.  
Because you went to the side of a friend  
Who will love you and protect you.



# 224

Verse 2927

If people had perceived a smell from your words,  
They would all die because of your separation.

If he hadn't smelled You from his soul,  
He would throw his heart,  
His soul in front of the dog, like a bone.

*Page 177 of original Divan*

If the sparks of Your favor didn't shine on water,  
They would all drink poison instead of water.

If you hadn't dropped a sip of that wine on the ground,  
Why should the stars turn around the earth?

If the Eternal Sun didn't offer warmth,  
July would be frozen, so would plants growing in July.

It is an amazing attribute to be pure from anything,  
And still be with everything.  
But, what a pity that You didn't lift  
The curtain of these secrets.

But if there wasn't a curtain,  
There would be so many people  
Going that way secretly,  
That we wouldn't have space to walk.

If You showed the angel Gabriel behind the curtain,  
Humans would accept their soul,  
Like a body, with their mind.

If You wanted to squeeze the people  
And keep them breathless,  
All the beauties' tulip-faces  
Would start to cry and turn pale.

If the beauty that was born in Your thoughts,  
Stayed there,  
All these pure, clear wines  
Would turn to sediment with their sorrow.

The words are covering this secret.  
If I could tell, Turks and Indians  
Would all be able to understand the secret of love.



**M**y Turk beauty came suddenly with a rose face.  
 I asked him what had happened to that oath?  
 He said, "It is all gone, melted, gone away."

I told him,  
 "I gave a letter to the hand of the morning breeze,  
 Did he bring it?"  
 "Yes," he said. "He did."

"Why, O friend," I asked,  
 "Did you come so unexpectedly?"  
 He said, "My company was ill,  
 That's why we came so fast."

"The town of soul is very bright.  
 You learned generosity from the Sun."

He told me, "When My face illuminates  
 Hundreds of Suns, how come you can compare  
 Me with Sun, how could that be?"

The Sun has seen my eternity and its decline,  
 Then started looking for Me  
 By turning around the universe."

I prostrated in front of Him.  
 I cried for him to forgive my sins,  
 After seeing my tears, hearing my wails.



He told me, "Didn't you talk like that on purpose?"  
Then wanted me to talk.

I said, "You are a rose without thorns;  
Morning without night.  
You are such a master, that You  
Feed Your slave with milk and honey.

In public they call gold, red,  
With all its yellow color.  
This is only because of Your kindness."

"Be silent." he said to me, "Don't talk.  
See, you hurt the gold by saying 'yellow' to him."



*Verse 2949*

**C**ome. Come so You are in the fountain of life.  
 Come. Come so You are the cure,  
 The remedy for every pain.

Come. Come so the rose garden can praise You.  
 Come. Come so we'll know how you can grow  
 And nourish it. Show us just once.

Come. Come so that the paleness  
 Of the patients face in the hospital gets better.

Rise. Rise O Sun.  
 Without you, neither bitterness nor cold  
 Would go away from the air.

Rise. Rise O Moon,  
 All eyes are full of tears, crying.  
 Yet, you just keep turning.

Come. Come, you are the benefactor of the earth,  
 Saving the heart from pain.  
 You are the dice of backgammon.

Come. Come so You can teach Your servant.  
 Because You are the first to be preaching,  
 Explaining and teaching understanding.



What kind of wine did you serve this morning?  
Even the running time will burst with its joy.

That was not wine.  
For the sake of your Soul,  
Tell me the truth, what was it?  
Don't look for excuses,  
Don't pretend, don't make something up.

O naive Heart,  
Why do you expect straightness from him?  
The only straight thing in his valley is his stature.

You become straight like an arrow  
And become the peer to the curved bow.  
Since you are with that bow,  
Grab the bowstring like an arrow.

Your straightness is in service to his curve.  
If you turn into an arrow,  
Its because you were born for the bow.

Give it to me once more,  
So I can find out what kind of wine that is.  
It is soul for the one who knows  
And appreciates drunkenness,  
And the enemy for the devout.

I didn't understand the taste the first time.  
I was thirsty.  
Since you are accommodating, offer it once more.

I am not deceiving you.  
Give me one more glass, that's enough.  
Who could cheat you?  
You are the essence, the origin of deceit and cheating.

You are the one who gives the temptation  
To deceive and flirt, to both worlds.  
Since you opened the jar, will you help me?

Everybody broke their fasting, don't cover the jar.  
You are the bride and groom for pleasure and drink.

If you serve a drop to the pig from that jar,  
The lion will keep turning around that pig.

If I mention wine,  
I mean You, Your fire.  
If I start crying out, it is because of You.

You are so beautiful, so peerless,  
That nobody could resemble or stand with You.  
Yet You, with Your jealousy,  
Call Yourself by different names.

You are called the jug,  
Sometimes; sometimes the glass.  
You say you are religiously permissible sometimes;  
And sometimes, non-permissible.  
You are all of them.  
You become Mehdi<sup>103</sup> and see the right way.  
Then sometimes Hadi,<sup>104</sup> who shows the right way.

You are the moon with Your glory.  
The rose garden with Your kindness.  
But unlike the cypress tree,  
You are free from both of them.

But if I call you, "The whole,"  
The parts don't know You.  
Because the particle that is separated  
From the whole, would know only the particle.

I would bring an example of parts and pieces;  
When the fragments incline toward completion  
The truth will incline toward Absolute truth.  
You will pull them to wholeness.

O Shems, who is praised by Tebriz,  
Bring an example from wholeness.  
You are the essence of existence  
And the essence of "To be, to exist."



*Verse 2974*

What a nice Sun of Beauty You are  
 That when You rose,  
 You reflected like a morning of fortune,  
 A day of kingdom throughout the window of earth.

You grew and blossomed like thousands of matchless,  
 Unseen iris because of the rose.  
 You put thousands of different species  
 To the greenery that adds souls to Soul.

You tear thousands of satin dresses like violets.  
 You are the arm and wing of the disciples,  
 And You are the Soul of the soul of wishes.

When you nicely grabbed the hat of mind,  
 It became a piece of straw in front of You.  
 Aren't you a breeze blowing nicely?

If the rose, which starts fighting against Him,  
 Becomes obstinate, he must be out of his mind.  
 Isn't this beauty and good nature  
 Coming from the wind that blows  
 From Him to this side?

The wine you serve with your hands,  
 Deserves hundreds of hangovers.  
 The head of existence turns into a treasure  
 From the joys of this wine.



# 229

Verse 2980

**T**he master of love has given me good advice.  
He told me, "Put your mind in your head.  
To whomever you gave your heart,  
Take it back, give up on him."

The one from whom you drink the sherbet,  
Will eventually hurt you with his needle.  
After the sherbet, he'll shed your blood.

There is someone whose drunken eyes  
Put an earring in your ear;  
Made you a servant, a slave to himself.  
Pull the cotton from your ear,  
Forget being free.

Give your heart to Him.  
It is time for smiles.  
Nobody would ask sorrow, like osher,<sup>105</sup>  
From the harvest of joy.  
Maybe the Sultan will give you the earth,  
As He did for Cunejd<sup>106</sup> and for Beshr.<sup>107</sup>

When His necklace of favor and kindness comes,  
The neck of sorrow will be broken.  
When God's Grace comes,  
Oppression and cruelty disappear.

Wherever you go, the Moon shines on you.  
In fact, the Moon shines on the ruins,  
As well as the prosperous places.

Night is better than day  
If you belong to the Moon.  
It will help you, beckon to you  
Anytime you call.

How lucky for you and your friends,  
That you received good fortune,  
Reached the kingdom.

Depend on His beautiful promises, O Soul.  
Because He will not fail the tryst.<sup>108</sup>

The one who drove camels,  
With such loud shouts and stories,  
Without tiring them:  
That Sultan tells the interpretation of this to your ear.





# 230

Verse 2991

Look at me. Look at me.  
If you look at someone else, something else,  
It becomes obvious that you  
Don't know anything about God's love.

Look at the face where God's beauty  
And charm are reflected,  
Just in case you might reach fortune and glory.

Since reason is your father, body is your mother.  
If you are the son, look at the father's face.

You can be sure of this;  
That Pir<sup>109</sup> is adorned with God's attributes.  
He appears in human shape  
But that is not the case.

Page 178 of original Divan.

It may look, to you, like foam.  
But He is a sea unto Himself.  
The people see Him sitting,  
But He is on the road, journeying all the time.

There are hundreds of proofs for His greatness.  
You see them all, but still don't understand Pir.  
Really, you have no idea.

A divine form has appeared to Heart's Mary  
From the temple free of wetness and dryness.

The envoy who is passing by,  
Made the Mary of heart pregnant  
By the breath in which Soul is hidden.

O heart, You became pregnant to the Sultan of sultans.  
You'll understand that,  
When the baby starts moving in your belly.

When you become pregnant by Shems of Tebriz,  
You are also turned into a heart,  
And fly away to the land of Absence.



# 231

Verse 3001

I am such a person, that my work is idleness.  
My heart is sick and tired of everyday's work.

I did not see anything  
From this black earth, but blackness.  
I did not see anything from the old firmament,  
But cheating and deceit.

You have dropped your heart's fishing line in that sea.  
But you neither caught any fish,  
Nor took your hand out of the water.

You become either sixty or seventy,  
It doesn't matter.  
You have still not become mature yet.  
You don't have a single rose in your hand.  
You keep chewing thorns.

You tilt your turban like a Moon,  
But you don't have light.  
Go. Get lost.  
You are too much involved with your beard and turban.

What kind of lightning are you  
That you burn only the crops?  
What kind of rain are you  
That you rain only on the rocks?

You are caught in your trap.  
What kind of hunter are you?  
You rob your own home.  
What kind of thief are you?

You are all of these, but even then,  
If you see the image of the Beloved one day,  
You are still a good friend.

I made an oath to the Almighty,  
Who controls everybody's work;  
If you join my masters work and business,  
And become drunk, you are in a good business.

If you walk in His trace  
And take a few steps behind Him,  
You are not a lonely rider.  
You are the commander of the cavalry.

Grab the skirt of Love.  
That is the kindness, that is the favor.  
Nobody else will save you from loneliness, but love.

Make the night a bright morning,  
By mentioning love constantly.  
How could darkness of night remain  
When love is mentioned.

While you are sleeping,  
Love opens his hands and prays for you,  
Crying at the side of your bed.

If I keep telling the rest of it,  
This earth will catch flame, burn to ashes.  
Come to your senses, quit talking.  
I will stay silent.



J  
E  
Yo  
Yo  
Ev  
Yo  
H  
H  
Yo  
Yo  
Bu  
Yo  
Ar  
Co  
H  
To  
M  
R  
H  
Ta  
A  
H  
Yo

If you don't enter the circle of those lovers;  
 If you stay away from that,  
 You can be sure your heart will die.  
 You will be cold, frozen.

Even if you are the Sun of earth,  
 You'll be darkened like a cloud.  
 If you are spring you will turn to autumn.

If you are empty,  
 You will move, swim around on top of the water.  
 But, if you are full,  
 You'll go down to the bottom of the river or pool,  
 And stay there.

God gave you two hands to hold onto His skirt.  
 He also gave you mind and intelligence  
 To follow the road up to the sky.

Mind belongs to the race of angels,  
 Runs toward them.  
 If you pick up a mirror, you will see that.

Take the purse full of gold,  
 And come to the stage of "Loan to God."<sup>110</sup>  
 If you give a small piece of gold,  
 You will get hundreds of thousands of gold mines.

There are hundreds of different colors in the jars,  
Besides the one in the sky.  
Whatever day you dive in, that color shows on you.

If you escape from the Lion of sky,<sup>111</sup>  
And go to the sign of Taurus,  
You will get the disposition of a donkey,  
And will be on the way to the rainbow.

Even if you are Scorpio,  
But stay close to the Lion,  
That closeness will make you strong and brave.

You will fill earth with life, like the Sun.  
When you jump out of this world,  
You will attain the splendor of the other.

How did water gush out  
From the bottom of Noah's tander,<sup>112</sup>  
And cover the surface of the earth?  
Why did you become a tander full of baking bread?

Be silent.  
Run toward the shore.  
If you keep talking,  
You'll lose the breath to run.



# 233

Verse 3027

From now on there will be no more crying and sorrow.  
The world has turned into heaven,  
Because you control the earth.  
It is in your hands.

For example, now the thorn of grief  
Doesn't grow from the heart.  
For example, now the cloud of sorrow rains pearls.

For example, now morning doesn't spy on us.  
For example, now night doesn't blacken out the earth.

For example, now flowers won't drop  
From the branches of the tree.  
For example, now the thorn repents being a thorn.

For example, now desire doesn't exist,  
Even in the eyes of beggars.  
For example, now greed will be freed  
From the thief and robber.

Even if you don't bring examples,  
Your peerless, matchless beauty is enough.  
That beauty is the enemy of sobriety,  
It gives drunkenness to the soul, the heart.

When night ascends to your privacy,  
And reaches that honor,  
Then look down on the sun.



The reed flute feels jealous,  
And keeps crying for Your sugar cane.  
Harps are crying  
Because of Your harp of separation.

The warmth in the heart of the fire is from Your love.  
The wind also follows Your air.  
That is why it blows fast, it has a light Soul,  
Has become quick and agile.

Water prostrates, then flows to worship You.  
The color of sickness,  
This pale color of the earth is from Your grief.

That mountain raises his head to see You at sunrise.  
Not from his greatness and omnipotence;  
It is because he is in love  
With the brightness of Your sun.

He raises his head,  
Because he wants the sun to reflect him first.  
And he wants to be the first one to buy sunshine.  
That's why the mountain raises his head.

Learn from the mountain,  
The Moon that raises your head to greatness.  
You are the mine of God's love.  
You are not less than one mountain.

No, neither bend your head down,  
Nor raise it to the heights.  
Lift up to the land of Absence.  
There, six dimensions bend their heads to you.

Look at heart.  
Your heart is beyond six dimensions.  
Heart is the only one  
That can save you from self indulgence.

Be confidant of the secrets, then walk around.  
Learn this beautiful walk from the sky.

Try to become a ripe grape,  
Don't be a sour one.  
Scatter sugar like a reed flute,  
Don't be just a piece of reed.

The sweetness of its sound burned my throat.  
I stop saying beautiful words  
While watching his beautiful face.

Say, "O Love, how nicely you burn the throat."  
You are beautiful when you hurt us,  
Or when you take care of us.

Soul will go out faster  
If you squeeze my neck harder,  
Then I will have a new soul coming from you.

O Heart, if you ever get His smell,  
You would give hundreds of necks for Him.  
Mansour did exactly this.

You are running from childhood to old age.  
But this journey is not clear.  
That is why you don't see it.



# 234

Verse 3049

See the thorn as a complete rose  
If you are a friend of the nightingale,  
If you also cry for a rose like him.

You never know, thorns may become a rose one day.  
Although it is hurting you now,  
It may be your best friend in the end.

Inside and outside of the thorn is a rose.  
Be careful.  
Whose head are you scratching?

What is precaution?  
I have no mind left, no caution.  
You will be careful because you are still sober.

That is not true.  
You cannot watch and protect me.  
How could you prevent  
The moth from jumping to the candle?

The bitterness of medicine,  
The slaps of the teacher and master  
Are nice and beneficial.  
The cruelty of the loyal Beloved is a blessing.

If a lover becomes captivated,  
And exhausted by the charmer,  
This shows his love, his smartness;  
Not his weakness.

Besides cruelty and coyness,  
Anything else the Beloved does,  
Don't be comfortable,  
Because it is nothing but deceit and tricks.

We are Your captive, O love.  
We are under Your control.  
We are content with Your caprices.  
Either lie to us, cheat us, or put us off by false promises.

His lies and coquetry,  
His truth and illusions are pleasant for me.  
As long as He doesn't treat me like a stranger.



# 235

Verse 3059

You are the Soul.  
You are the Universe and the owner of the universe.  
I am telling this for that reason.  
However You have raised me.  
I am Your slave and Your servant that way.

For the sake of Your circle of greatness,  
Which became a trap to my soul,  
You are the One who put me in the circle of the drunk.

Page 179 of Original Divan.

For the sake of that Great Soul  
Who was the reason for soul to become Soul.  
You changed me so much, you put me inside Your Soul.

I swear by the treasure that was concealed  
In our ruined, dilapidated being,  
That You are hiding me from people's eyes.

For the sake of the garden,  
Which is secret to the eyes of people,  
You are turning our pale faces the color of the Juda tree.

For the sake of that great dome where angels pray,  
You turn me into a ladder standing toward that dome.

If our peace and comfort bothers You,  
Close the door that You have never closed,  
To our face.

Since the Beloved is closer to you than your cry,  
Why do you keep crying for the Beloved?

The Wisdom of creation of the universe  
Is to reveal the secret.  
If you have any word of it, tell us.

"Since you have a saucepan to cook the raw,  
Put it, like a saddle, over your back."  
He ordered the fire.

"Since you have a secret fountain inside of you,  
Be grateful and wet the earth."  
He ordered the water.

"Show your talent.  
You know how we do timeless, spaceless things."  
He ordered the good-luck star, Jupiter.

"Go ahead and show all your jealousy,  
What else can you do?"  
He ordered the bad-luck star, Jupiter.

He created eighteen thousand Universes,<sup>113</sup>  
In order to reveal the hidden treasures.  
If you have the eyes, look and see.

The one who has talent,  
Works constantly to acquire knowledge;  
To know better than everybody.

The purpose of the one who hides his talent,  
Is that he wants to be famous  
For hiding that knowledge.

The purpose of the one,  
Who hides his talent to become famous,  
Is hiding his talent.

All the prophets, who have come and gone,  
Did so for only one reason,  
To explain the truth of,  
"O human, who is made of dust,  
There is a treasure inside of you."

"We were also human like you,  
But now we have treasure.  
You also have a seed of it."

"I am your heart.  
Don't look for your heart inside of you.  
If you have good fate,  
Be the disciple to a guide."

"If you think you are the cause of all this,  
You will never understand me.  
You'll suffer from your inner world.  
You'll go through lots of trials."

"Come. You are a part of Me.  
Don't separate part from the whole.  
Bring the rose where it belongs,  
Because you have the rose of roses."

"Doubt is part of faith.  
With belief, doubt turns into faith.  
But if you separate this from belief,  
You fall into doubt and stay there."

"Proof doesn't help you.  
I am proof for you.  
You won't be free from doubt,  
Even if you have the biggest proof, without me."

If I don't pray, His kindness reminds me,  
"Why did you tie your head.  
You have a mouth, a tongue."

I said to Him,  
"When my soul leaves my body,  
You'll take away my poems with my soul."

His favor answered me,  
"O one who asked,  
This happened at the beginning.  
Why are you worrying?"

O Heart, you finish the rest of it.  
I'll keep silent.  
You have the eternal words.

O Shems of Tebriz,  
You tell the meaning of the names.  
You are not in the sky,  
But you have such a sky in you.





# 236

Verse 3088

**O**ffer the wine of Soul by pleasing heart.  
Offer it the way you like,  
Hide the trace of your dust.

Just the way You reflect,  
Through heart's window like the moon,  
To wake us up and keep us awake all night long.  
Offer it that way.

You said, "I will fill and empty you,  
Like a glass, with my wine."  
Offer the wine that way.

"Why do you keep turning me,  
Like glass, around the people?  
Since you borrowed the wine,  
Aren't you going to return it?"

Offer from that wine which,  
When it drops on stone or brick,  
They will come back to life and amuse people.

Offer from that wine which,  
When it causes the garden to bloom from this,  
The rose neither stays as a rose  
Nor the thorn as a thorn.

With  
I won  
Is lik  
  
Our  
Is the  
Yet, I

If I cry and wail from the harp of separation  
Without You.  
I wouldn't know my crying and wailing  
Is like a harp.

Our master, Shems of Tebriz,  
Is the one who unties the knots.  
Yet, his magician eyes are the ones tying the knots.



# 237

Verse 3096

O Heart, You are the stately bird of the land of union.  
Fly, why don't You?  
Nobody knows You.  
You are neither man nor fairy.

You are a charmer, not heart.  
But You appear as a heart,  
To grab and take away thousands of hearts with deceit.

For one moment be faithful.  
Join, mix with the world.  
Then the next moment,  
Pass through the boundaries of heaven and earth.

How come soul cannot find You?  
You are his arms and wings.  
How come eyes cannot see You?  
You are the source and essence of sight.

How could repentance dare to repent You?  
Where is the news that will be with You,  
And aware of anything?

Who is that poor copper,  
That it won't become gold when alchemy comes?

Who is that poor seed,  
That won't germinate and grow into a tree  
When spring comes?

Who is that poor piece of wood,  
That won't burn with flame when it catches fire?

All these minds and intelligences are like stars.  
You are the earth's sun that tears their curtains.

The earth is like snow, you are the month of July.  
When You affect it the snow will melt and go away.

Who is this poor one?  
Who am I that I would be with You,  
And still have my existence?  
When you look at me I will be annihilated.  
So will hundreds like me.

The attributes of our master, Shems of Tebriz,  
Are greater than the illusions of Cebri<sup>114</sup> and Kaderi.<sup>115</sup>



# 238

Verse 3108

Tell, for the sake of your soul,  
Where is your home?  
Because you are so much trouble to the mind,  
You are the enemy of intelligence.

Mind has been contracted like a porcupine,  
It withdraws its head inside.  
Because You are the One who serves rose-colored wine,  
And is jealous of the rose garden at the same time.

I wasn't fond of Sema<sup>116</sup> before.  
You are the one who took me off the road.  
You could rob hundreds of thousands of robbers,  
Pickpockets and crooks.

What did You say to the ear of sky,  
That it started turning like that?  
What did you say to the ear of cloud,  
That it started raining those kind of pearls.

What did You show to the earth,  
That it became pregnant?  
What did You snatch from the wind,  
That it cries like that?

What did You give to the mountains,  
That they arrange treasures and mines?  
What did You teach the oceans,  
That they scatter pearls and coral?

What did You say to the ear of the unbeliever,  
That closed his eyes and ears?  
What did You say to the ear of mind,  
That it is submerged in lights?

How do You save me from worry and troubles in sleep?  
And turn me to the hand of grief when I wake up?

You have thousands of other ways, like sleep,  
To take the sorrow and trouble out of heart and soul.

"Just so" the awakened sage closed his eyes to earth.  
He looked like he was asleep.  
The one You scratch on the head is saved from thorns.

What did You give to the sun, moon and sky.  
That they are whirling like that, wingless and armless?

What melody did all those turning,  
Flying particles hear?  
If the mountain heard that tune,  
It would also get up and start dancing.

You fill tricks and deceits  
With the essence of water and earth,  
So that they start tricks and deceits.  
They try to embrace You.

But, if You don't inflate them one moment,  
They will become an empty bag.  
They won't have the humdrums,  
Or the power to go straight.

**I become silent.  
Escape from myself a hundred times.  
But You still pull me back to talking.**



# 239

Verse 3123

Even the seventh level of sky becomes angry,  
Stays away from you.  
I swear by my soul that you are not scared,  
You are not afraid.

If your heart doesn't experience relief,  
And joy from His trouble, His grief,  
You are very unimportant;  
A worthless sultan in love;

Afraid from the trouble of wealth  
Not from other people.  
Because God's anger  
Doesn't resemble the grudge of the people.

If you know a pearl other than the Beloved,  
You don't deserve the pearl.  
Your source, your origin is dirty and bad.

Page 180 of Original Divan

If your heart jumps at every smell  
Like a pregnant woman,  
For sure you can't get the smell  
Of the one who carries the gift.

Forget what you like.  
Ask what the Beloved likes.  
The one who tries to be sugar,  
Becomes deprived of sugar.



Don't talk about your pleasure  
To someone whose heart is not like yours.  
Because he is someone,  
You are someone else.



# 240

Verse 3130

If you don't know me,  
Ask about me from the dark night.  
The night is the confidant of lovers.  
And the witness of crying and wailing ones.

But, night is not the most important thing here.  
Lovers have thousands of signs,  
Tears and pale faces are the least valuable among them.

Lovers resemble clouds only at the time of crying.  
For endurance and patience he is like a mountain.  
He prostrates like water, rubs his face to the ground,  
Lays on the earth like top-soil, stays underfoot.

But all this suffering is a small thorn  
Outside of a big garden.  
There are rose gardens,  
Fountains and the Beloved inside of the garden.

Once you pass over the wall and enter the garden,  
You begin to speak, keep giving thanks,  
Perform the ritual prostrations in prayers of thanks.

Thanks to God, you say.  
The sorrow and sadness of Autumn is gone.  
Earth has become green and blossomed.  
Spring started acting like spring.

Thousands of bare branches are adorned by roses.  
Thorn bushes are cleared of thorns.

How do sober ones know the charm  
And beauty of the Beloved?  
He is full of arrows like a porcupine.  
But he knows neither fights nor galloping a horse.

Lovers are your brothers, mothers and fathers.  
They all become one, merge in one friend.

When thousands of bodies  
Have fallen into the salt mine,  
They all become salt.  
Duality won't stay on the body.  
Who is from Mergoz? Who is from Buhara?<sup>117</sup>

Don't slow the horse of words  
By seeing the tired idiots around.  
Look at the thirsty ones up in the sky  
When you start talking, see them.



# 241

Verse 3141

When the messenger of awakening comes from love,  
The sleep of boredom flies away from the head of lovers.

Stars prostrate.

A strange ecstasy comes to the moon and Venus.  
Mind stays still from walking, ambling.

What a lucky night that night is  
When such a moon rises,  
And gives brightness to the bright day,  
To cover and hide everything.

Nobody has yet seen such ecstasy  
Since the birth of this planet;  
Or had such sobriety.

Either jump or lay down.  
It is not up to anybody to go behind the sun.

Don't expect to sleep tonight,  
Because the Sultan of insomnia  
Will come looking for you.



# 242

Verse 3147

Come. Come, you'll be sorry  
For staying at this distance.  
Come to our sweet presence.  
Why do you keep frothing?

Life has been boiling,  
Wave by wave, in this assembly.  
God is our help.  
Mansur's wine is everywhere.

There are curls and twists of hair  
Of the beautiful ones in hands,  
Instead of rose bouquets.  
Violets are laid on the ground,  
Under the feet,  
At the place where God pardons sins.

O hopeless one,  
Keep drinking thousands of glasses of good luck.  
O mosquito chaser, take thousands of pieces of gold,  
Find thousands of forces and powers.

There are a thousand kinds of Zuleyha and Yusufs.<sup>118</sup>  
Wine adding Soul to the soul.  
Dancing goes with the tambur.<sup>119</sup>

Pearls are scattered by the hand of Absence's sea.  
There is a candle, made of camphor,  
Put in front of the believer,  
As well as the unbeliever, for no reason.

Every Soul is calling others  
From the middle of the sea of honey.  
Saying, "Come over,  
I am saved from the honey of the bee."

The lover and beloved are together,  
Laid on the ground.  
They are drunk, free from shyness; beware.

The last day of judgment has arrived.  
All the secrets and events are made known.<sup>120</sup>  
The sounds of the trumpet  
Are bringing the dead back to life.

You have been in the hands of snakes and centipedes.  
You've become food for ants.  
But O decayed, melted, putrefied pile of bones,  
Raise your head from the ground.

The One who orders "Be" to anything,  
It will "Become".  
Who bought you back from the ants and snakes,  
Dressed you like a human to show Him  
That you follow His order?

You own the treasure of pearls and jewels,  
Never mind the worry of stores.  
Nourish with pure glory,  
This is better than a loaf of bread.

The flowers of God's wine have blossomed.  
Never mind other flowers,  
Or the drunkenness of grape wine.

The beauty of the houri is better  
Than a bulgar<sup>121</sup> concubine.  
Soul's wine is more tasty than a bulgur<sup>122</sup> meal.

The image of the Beloved  
Comes to the Hamam<sup>123</sup> of my tears.  
My pupils attempted to become the servant in the bath.

The eyes of the Hitay Turk<sup>124</sup> are slanted,  
But, what's wrong with that?  
The swimmer of Soul is not shy from nakedness.

O the seed has been sown in the ground,  
Grew and became a tree.  
With our permission, you are our Visir, our Viceroy.<sup>125</sup>

Who has even seen a day like that?  
It is such a day  
That it saved everything and everybody,  
From night and night blindness.

That shiny white hand did so many favors,  
And kindnesses, like Moses.  
Now earth has turned into Mount Sinai,  
Has become a heart, full of glory.

O Heart, take your place at the assembly of Soul,  
Because you are the landlord  
Of the ones who stay at Kaabe.

Don't be satisfied just with drunkenness,  
Go further down, be broken, ruined.  
Know this for sure;  
The secret of prosperity is in poverty.

Today, you are God's drunk at this meadow.  
Even if you break a thousand glasses,  
You are excused.

In the hands of the cupbearer  
Dirt turns into red gold.  
Since you are the soil He steps on,  
You are the Sultan of sultans.  
You are the Emperor.

Where there is a sick one,  
He should come and find his cure.  
Never mind the cure for the sick,  
Watch the dead come to life,

If you are the one who tells the poems,  
I am all for poems.  
Because you are the Soul to the Soul of Israfil.<sup>126</sup>  
You are the sound of the trumpet.

Regret this distance; but if words are like an arrow,  
The tongue is like Harezmi's<sup>127</sup> bow.  
It will reach its target sooner or later.

The words of Soul cannot be said by sound or the  
alphabet.  
These won't be forgiven if the forgiver doesn't exist.

There are so many hearts there,  
That they are neither from the land of Rum  
Nor Turk or from Nisabur.<sup>128</sup>  
But they hear the words spoken mutely.



Come. Let's be companions to Moses at Mount Sinai.  
Moses, the one who has spoken with God.

A love has grabbed my shirt,  
Like a hungry one grabs a loaf of bread.

Whoever is safe from the hand of love,  
So could my heart be.  
The handle of that long sword  
Is only in the hand of love.



# 243

Verse 3178

Let me offer soul's wine to you,  
So that you won't be oppressed  
With anxiety and sorrow.  
Never mind sorrow.  
You'll be pledged joy by every merry one.

I will make you an angel  
With two hundred wings and arms.  
Such an angel that you won't have  
A trace of human cloudiness or attributes.

Let me show you how the soul  
Appears when it is freed from the body.  
When it cleanses the dust of life from its shirt.

Let me save you from  
Counting days and nights of early dawn,  
When soul drinks that special wine.

Destiny and fate keep throwing  
The arrows of events at you.  
Then it helps bring your affairs to a good end.

The wind is blowing from the field of sugar cane.  
It is so sweet that even sugar denies its sweetness,  
After tasting that.

In early morning,  
He offered me a glass like the sun.  
I drank that wine.  
My being started dancing, particle by particle.

I became dead drunk.  
He said, "I'll give you another glass,  
So that nothing could remain between us."

Page 181 of Original Divan.

Offer. Offer, O charming cupbearer of the world.  
For sure, the noble does nobility.  
Moon does what the moon is supposed to do.

I swear by the sun of the greatness of omnipotent God,  
That this whirling, ever traveling sky,  
Hasn't found anyone like you.

O Charmer, who is perfect in beauty,  
You tell the rest of this.  
The wine you offered me in the morning,  
Took me away from myself.



# 244

Verse 3189

Come. Come, you cannot find any friend like us.  
Where is that Beauty who will please the heart like us,  
In these two worlds?

Come. Come, don't run in every direction like wind.  
Your money is not good for other bazaars.

You are like a dry, dead valley.  
We are like rain.  
You resemble a ruined city.  
We are like architects.

People who have never seen joy nor cheer,  
Will never see them anywhere but in our temple.  
That's where joy and happiness rise.

You see thousands of shapes in your dreams.  
They move around.  
When you wake up, none of those people are around  
you.

Close your donkey's eyes.  
Open the eyes of your reason.  
Because Self is like a donkey.  
Greed is like its halter.

Ask sugar from the garden of love.  
Because this world sells you the vineyard,  
And crushed sour grapes.

Come to the land of healing for your Creator.  
No patient could stay away from that doctor.

The world will become a headless body  
Without that Sultan.  
Why don't you turn around this head like a turban?

If your face is not dirty,  
Don't drop this mirror from your hand,  
Because Soul is your mirror.  
Your body is the dust of the mirror.

Where is the lucky merchant?  
I will buy him after hard bargaining.

Remember Me. Think about Me.  
I gave you mind and thought.  
If you will buy garnet, buy from my mine.

If you take steps, walk;  
Walk towards the one who gave you feet.  
Open both your eyes and see  
The One who gave you sight.

Clap your hands for the One whose sea has bubbles.  
Because his joy never ends with sorrow and sadness.

Hear His words without ears.  
Talk to Him without a tongue or mouth.  
Because it is impossible that spoken words  
Don't have something to hurt people,  
And contain a few lies.



# 245

Verse 3204

The Beloved keeps his eyes on you.  
Don't even think of looking at someone else's face.

If somebody else comes to your heart,  
Besides the Beloved,  
Say, "Go. Go away, I'm afraid I'll kill you."

Put your mind in your head.  
He should never see a stranger's image on your eye.

Look at me, take me as an example.  
The Beloved has put me through trials.  
He pulls me with many deceits to a rose garden.

He showed me a rose that made the rest  
Of the roses look faded and withered.  
He showed me a beauty that made the rest  
Of the beauties become captivated by his.

He shook his head with wonder,  
Said, "This has no match, no peer.  
Watch and see."

Just like a pickpocket who warned me,  
Saying, "There is a thief behind you."  
When I turned my head back,  
He stole my turban.

Just like David<sup>129</sup> looked at Him through one eye,  
He apologized, tears came from his eyes.  
Grass grew where those tears fell on the ground.

He expelled your father,  
Because he looked at a new ear of corn,  
And became reproachful to Him.<sup>130</sup>

Don't gaze at hyacinth-like eyebrows.  
The Sultan's eyes are on you.  
Be careful, there is a buyer looking at you.

The patron of your eyes is God,  
Who is always alive and creating constantly.  
Don't give your eyes to the raven, like a carcass.

Be silent. You closed your eyes.  
But to show off to the people,  
You started a poem.



# 246

Verse 2216

A beautiful Beloved has  
Dispersed my sleep eternally.  
He took my sleep and hid  
Under the stone inside of the cave.

My eyes won't see sleep even in dreams.  
If a carcass has fallen into the salt mine,  
It won't be a carcass anymore.

Where is sleep? Where are my eyes?  
Where is decision? Where is my heart?  
Does this try to leave patience,  
Or the one who endures?

If mind becomes a mountain,  
It will blow like a piece of straw.  
Look and see what a majestic storm this is.





# 247

Verse 3220

Send news to the ones  
Who control the curtain of secrets.  
The veils of sky have been torn  
Because of that moon-faced one.

One evening, all the stars were awake.  
They were waiting to see the face of that Sun.

Zeal's messenger drew his sword and went there.  
He asked, "What are you doing here?"  
They answered, "We have no idea what  
We are doing or who we are.

The messenger went back and forth,  
Telling each of them, with fire,  
"Be careful, be careful."

At night a scorpion  
Had been moving around the curtain  
Which covers the door of his palace.

The guard of majesty poured oil on it,  
And burned it with flames.

It is too bad.  
I wish the eyes of my fate would find something,  
Like dirt around his door,  
Make a salve and put on its eyes.

Then, with that power,  
He would look with the eyes that neither  
The Moon nor sun are able to see.

Nesritair<sup>131</sup> said, "His hands and wings are tied."  
And flew in that direction, with zeal.

Then a mosquito took off  
From his endless field of sugar cane,  
Pursued Nesritair, and cracked his head.

If the smell of His wine spreads to earth,  
You will see one Omer<sup>132</sup>  
Drunk and lying in every corner.

Screams of joy cover the land and sea.  
A voice comes from everywhere,  
"Human form is dressed by the Ocean of Mercy."

The ones who are afraid of trouble  
Threw away their swords and shields.  
They sit at the side with peace and comfort.

Even particles in the air and drops in the oceans  
Put His earring on their ears,  
His service belt around their waist,  
And become His slaves, His servants.

Everybody and everything  
Will know their nature and function,  
When His command requests their services,  
Because there is no creature who has talent without Him.

The Beloved took a walk to decorate the cities.  
He opened such doors, set such geometry.

When His form and attribute reach Tebriz,  
The flash of the Soul of a silver body is reflected there.

The pen is broken;  
Has fallen down to the floor and laid there,  
Like a drunk left over from last night.  
It doesn't know anything.

How can I complete the words?  
My thoughts are in the fire,  
Submerged in waters of gratitude,  
And, like sugar, has melted in the water.



# 248

Verse 3239

**F**or my Beloved, it is to break hearts.  
For me, God's grace gave me love.  
What beautiful sustenance is this?

Even my head is gone.  
Let it go, after all it's only a head.  
I am saved from head, from hat,  
Even from the one who makes the hat.

He put his mouth to my ear,  
Said, "Let me tell you something.

If you are fed by our green pastures one moment,  
If you are nourished by us,  
You will turn into a gazelle in the land of Hutten.  
All your blood will change into musk."

When soul becomes Soul,  
You will have no question  
About the body-soul relationship.  
One grain is not your business.  
Why do you want to make bread out of it?  
You are a gold mine.

Call the brave ones to the assembly of beauties.  
Be a guide to Hizir<sup>133</sup> to the fountain of life.

**Ruby-colored wine came, not grape wine.  
The Beloved is scattering sugar,  
Not the way sugar is served here.**



# 249

Verse 3246

**I** am not the man you see.  
Even if you do see, you won't recognize me.  
You are unable to see anything but images,  
Because you are sleeping.  
You are confused and drowsy.

Ask me how I am with few and many?  
Just like Joseph in the hands of a blind one.

The face of Soul's Joseph  
Could only be seen with love's eye.  
You don't have this.  
You are a man of illusions and comparisons..

The importance of eye and sight  
Is to praise and give thanks to God.  
Know this very well.  
Don't run away from the crucible  
Like false gold and silver.  
You are the mine of thanks and praise.

If you are afraid of the crucible,  
Really, you will worship images.  
You cut, and chip into shape, idols of your imagination,  
Then you will be scared of them.

You are making an idol in your imagination,  
Then you put it in front of yourself and worship.  
You become the prisoner of idols like an unbeliever.  
You menstruate and bleed like a woman.

The image is born from you.  
Then chips and cuts the one that comes after,  
And makes the idol.  
You are surely not the Moon.  
You are dust and copper, not gold.

Page 182 of Original Divan.

Really, all the same, I swear by the Soul of saints,  
That, O body, you are an ox to be used for crops,  
Under the sky which turns like a water wheel.

But, if you can get your head,  
Your neck out of the yoke of sky,  
You will be free from the herd of donkeys.  
You will be an angel.  
You will be a man.



# 250

Verse 3255

**J**ump. Jump and free yourself from this universe,  
So you can become the sultan of the universe.  
Throw this sugar so that you can  
Turn into a field of sugar cane.

Jump. Jump like a flashing fire to Satan.  
Burn him.  
When you are free from being a star,  
You will be the axle of the universe.  
Everything will turn around you.

When Noah wants to go to sea,  
You will be the ark for him.  
When Jesus ascends to the sky,  
You will be the ladder.

Sometimes you become the doctor of soul,  
Like Mary's son Jesus.  
Sometimes you will be a shepherd,  
Like Imran's son, Moses.

There is a fire of soul to cook you and mature you.  
But if you run away, like women,  
You'll stay uncooked, you'll become a panderer.

But, if you don't run away from fire,  
You'll be cooked, matured,  
Sit at the head of the table,  
Like a freshly baked loaf of bread.  
You'll be a saint, be precious.  
You'll be honored.



When the table is set, brothers will look for you.  
You'll help the soul, like bread,  
Then you'll become soul.

If you are the mine of stress and difficulty,  
You'll become treasure by patience.  
While you become home for Absence,  
At the end you will know all about Absence.

Once I said all these things.  
A voice came from the sky to the ear of soul,  
"If you become like that, you will turn into such."

Be silent. Jaws are made to chew sugar,  
Not to become loose and talk nonsense.



# 251

Verse 3265

Look at the drunken eyes of the person  
Who drank early morning wine from that cupbearer.  
You'll understand the rest of it.

I unexpectedly ran into good fortune,  
Just like Kaabe came to the one who is not from Mecca.

Come. Come O dearest among all cupbearers.  
Offer us God's ruby-colored, pure wine.

Separation had served thousands of cups of poisons.  
The essence of the antidote came and did its work,  
Saved the ones who had been already poisoned.

Come, that young fortune has found  
A brand new kingdom because of you.  
Come, that lounging one is wearing  
A brand new suit because of you.

How can I not smile? How can I hide my joy?  
I am like a pomegranate with a smile.  
Sugar cannot act like somak.<sup>134</sup>

You are the One who comforts  
And completes every orphan, every lonely one.  
You have no peer in greatness and generosity.

It is childish the way this funny,  
Tricky world gives wine.  
Your cup is much larger, much better.  
The mature person's drunkenness is from You.

The snake of sorrow  
Is turning around the house of heart,  
But it cannot get in.  
Pure emerald<sup>135</sup> makes the snake's eyes blind.

Brother, either be a mirror  
Or get out of in front of my eyes.  
You are the opposite of the Kaiser of Rum.  
You are an enemy of the pupils.

Never mind this.  
Today is the day of joy, 'til evening.  
The day of drinking.  
We become drunk, lie down,  
We tear the mantle of hypocrisy.

Whoever talks about reason and morals today,  
Pour the wine jar on his head and beard.

Today my Kaiser became the light of earth's house.  
He made the earth brighter with the cheek,  
Which belongs to the land of Rum,  
The eyes from the land of Kipcak.<sup>136</sup>

The cloud of words  
Are dispersed with the wind of the wine.  
Send a wine without clouds.  
You are the one who gives us our sustenance.



# 252

Verse 3279

If you quit your desires,  
Your fancies, for just one moment,  
If you change from being incompetent,  
You will see the way prophets and saints see.

If you don't see yourself as God,  
Become a real creature,  
You will see God in spite of Mutezile.<sup>137</sup>

If you are a real man.  
Stay away from fools.  
Open your soul's eye to endless glory.

Don't talk about people's faults.  
Look at the One who knows Absence.  
Quit talking nonsense, don't deceive.

Do your ritual ablution with your tears,  
Do your ritual worship with begging and entreaties.  
Be drunk with eternal wine,  
Laid down on the ground.

Climb Mount Sinai.  
Yell and scream.  
Ask for His manifestation, like Moses.  
Cut the neck of disbelievers, fight like Ali.

**Ask for the store of sugar from Shems of Tebriz.  
But you are someone who sells the vineyard.  
How could you deserve honey?**



# 253

Verse 3286

Come. Come, you that are  
The peerless beauty of time.  
You are brother, mother, father, beloved,  
And peace of heart.

Once your name is mentioned,  
Even death comes to life, rises from the grave.  
It is not empty words to have such a good name.

You are God's favor and kindness.  
You accept everybody who takes refuge with you,  
Without looking at their immaturity or crookedness.

I become obstinate, fight.  
I keep spending my life like that.  
That's all because of my foolishness.  
You neither kill me nor give me peace to live.

You won't fit in any shape.  
But if we assume you do,  
How charming, what captivating beauty.  
Will you be like a rose?

Sometimes You separate us,  
Then show us the way.  
Sometimes You send a messenger  
And become soul for the news You send with him.

When a candle's light is reflected  
At the window of heart,  
The passenger who travels at night,  
Knows You are on the roof.

In order to get the most pleasure out of Love,  
I want sun and shadow<sup>138</sup> to become one.  
That is my wish, my desire.

I am looking for the impossible.  
Pursuing an impossible goal.  
Because of that sin,  
Neither the wise nor ignorant accept me.

You don't listen, believe impossible things.  
You gave your attention to smart things,  
Interpreting difficult dreams.  
Go. Go on your way.

But, if you have a taste from the Sultan of sultans  
Who commands souls,  
You will sit at the table of God.  
While your eyes are open you won't fall into illusions.

If you have had medicine from the doctor of doctors,  
You can digest all impossible things of both worlds.

Reach the secret of Tebriz's East.  
Go to Shemseddin.  
Because you are shining, like the planet Mercury,  
On the countries of both worlds.



# 254

Verse 2299

My beautiful Beloved offered me  
A glass of wine at early dawn.  
Have this immature person taste that wine  
While he is hungry, feels sick.

His wine is neither from the grape,  
Nor His cup from glass.  
And His appetizers are not sugar  
And walnut like ordinary people serve.

That wine has blown me like the wind  
Blows a piece of straw.  
The Beloved has honored me with that warm water.

He was saying to all my bigotry and hypocrisy,  
“Don’t do it, time will go by,  
That opportunity will never come back.”

“Such a wine, a cupbearer like me?  
You are like a reed flute.”  
Who could refuse that, except fools and the ignorant?

I was still hesitating,  
I said to Him, “Not today.”  
He insisted, He even swore at me.

That swearing did more  
Than a thousand glasses of wine to me.  
I was ruined, fell down.  
I have neither honor nor worry of reputation left.



Is it possible that the favor  
Of the Sultan doesn't make someone drunk?  
He is such a Sultan,  
That he would destroy the whole world  
With one bit of news.

I need a heart in order to finish this word.  
The owner of my heart, that charmer,  
Ruined my heart.

I put my head to His feet like a drunk.  
An adventure appeared in my drunken mind.

Then He buried my head in His chest  
And caressed me.  
His is a wonderful charm,  
With unseen favors.

Then He was saying to the ones next to Him,  
"Doesn't such a bird deserve this trap?"

I am a drunk nightingale in the garden.  
Hear my song.  
Don't get in the cage.  
Don't land on the edge of the roof.

I am silent.  
I won't tell the rest of the gazel,  
Until I find someone  
Who drinks and digests hell, like me.



# 255

Verse 3313

Why should a lover be afraid to be blamed, disgraced?  
Why should he worry about having a bad name?  
Because Love is Kingdom, maturity to attain wishes.

Why should Love's tiger be afraid  
Of the color and smell of the world?  
Why should Absence's crocodile  
Be afraid to swallow hell?

In what shape will the lover be  
With the drunkenness of that glass?  
Even the glass is melted with the effect of that wine.

What's the use and value of the earth?  
A drop of this wine gave the mountains  
Thousands of cheers and exaltation.<sup>139</sup>

How would you know the cup of wine  
Since you have a glass heart?  
How can you know the trap of love  
Since you are a bird in the trap?

Page 163 of original Divan.

I am not talking about the pure, clear sea.  
Never mind the sea.  
If you see the foam of that you turn into mercury,  
And cannot stay in the palm of any hand.

If you become dirty, turbid,  
Why do you blame His purity?  
If you keep drinking from the vineyard,  
What is the fault of His field of sugar cane?

Throw dirt to the head of the vineyard,  
And the one who drinks it,  
Instead of the juice of honey.

Look. See me.  
I am at the bottom in this assembly.  
But I have passed out of myself so much,  
That I cannot differentiate the one at the top,  
From the one at the bottom.



# 256

Verse 3322

Don't you see?

Thirst is angry at water.

Hunger is turning its nose up at bread.

The tunnel is angry at the sun it doesn't want.

What a crazy, stupid, unfortunate thing this is.

The gold mine is calling you to its temple.

Instead of going there,

You are picking up a small piece of gold from the ground.

There are pieces of gold on those beauties

From the Eternal source.

He shows those pieces to mud and water

And says, "You are not mud. You are this gold."

You try to become pure, whole gold.

When you change to gold,

You will go to gold's mine, return to your origin.

That's what you are anyway.

I am adding the water of cruelty to the honey of ecstasy

Because you cannot eat pure honey.

With its sweetness it can't go through your throat.

Doesn't praying bring "Amen"?

I also keep pulling you to this side,

Although you are limping,

But, it's alright.

Come to my side.

O fish, go toward the sea.  
Don't pull yourself out of the sea.  
You are the friend of glory and happiness,  
So why do you have grudges?

If you don't go there, that nobility will pull you.  
That's the way Sultans do, this is His favor.

If He pulls very hard, don't be afraid,  
Because the one who pulls is Joseph.  
You are Bunyamin.<sup>140</sup>

Just like Joseph has accused him of being a thief,  
And stealing a golden cup,  
Then scolded him harshly for being a bad person.<sup>141</sup>

When they were alone,  
He told him, "You are my brother, my friend,  
You deserve my arm.  
I am the prayer, you are the word 'Amen'."

You have palaces  
In the land of timelessness and spacelessness.  
Why do you fall into greed,  
Keep struggling in this world of poverty?

I told you a thousand times,  
Be silent, don't open your mouth.  
But with your obstinacy you are that Ahmed,  
Yesterday's Ahmed.

You are the one who makes me live.  
My soul of souls would be sacrificed to You.  
You are the only One  
Who frees my essence from the mud.

You honor my soul, put nice dresses on it.  
I live with them.  
When I die, you are the one who puts a shroud on me.

O One who causes rivers to spring from their source,  
O the One who brightens my eyes,  
When You offer that wine I become drunk,  
Go out of myself.  
To drink that wine is my religion.<sup>142</sup>



# 257

Verse 3339

Didn't I tell You,  
You are the Sultan of beauties?  
Instead of grass, You grow beauties from the earth.

Once You turned the wheel of beauty,  
Thousands of Josephs came out from every well.

There are so many people who play with their lives.  
Because of them, life becomes cheap.  
In the place where Your Beauty became sovereign,  
Laziness has disappeared.

The real lover doesn't worry about his life.  
O Heart, if you are from this rose garden,  
Don't tremble like a leaf.

Winter's crow, or the stork of the valley,  
Doesn't understand the songs of the drunk nightingale.

If the man of kindness  
Has enough appetite for healthy meals,  
If that appetite is real,  
One borani<sup>143</sup> meal, one roast  
Won't become heavy for him.

You are neither lower than the moth,  
Nor is the Beloved inferior to the candle.  
If you are worse than the moth,  
Why do you talk about its wings?  
Why do you keep boasting?

The Beloved gives thousands of auspicious souls  
For one lousy one.  
That is what good sell is all about.

The Sun has prostrated in front of You  
Before setting at the horizon.  
It gave up its kingdom, its glory.

The one who enjoys this kind of dispersion  
Won't beg God not to give him more confusion.

My heart, which resembles the mosquito,  
Rides the wind, ascends to the sky.  
Who has ever seen a mosquito act like Solomon?

Be silent.  
Walk in the water silently, secretly like fish.  
Leave the problems of ordinary people.  
You belong to the oceans.

Be silent.  
The table is set, meals are ready.  
If you keep reading,  
Friends will eat and finish all the meals.





# 258

Verse 3352

**T**he sun of humanity has risen.  
What charm, what love and drunkenness is this?

The world has disappeared in front of your glory.  
Who are You?  
Are You the secrets of heart-snatching,  
Or the treasure of Beauty?

How beautiful is that pen,  
That writes and adores You like that.  
You read everybody's letter before it is written.

O Heart, since the falcon of the Sultan of sultans  
Has caught you,  
You've become the interpreter of the secrets of birds.

What is an interpreter?  
You turn into a phoenix at the greatest of the great.  
You become the beauty to Solomon's soul's eye.

While searching for You,  
The sandals of faith and blasphemy are all worn out.  
You are thousands of years beyond them.

Every morning when you rise and shine,  
The roster of souls yells, "Come."  
It says, "You are the Soul.  
You are the universe.  
You are the Sultan."

Since Shems of Tebriz adds Soul to my soul,  
I should leave the rose garden  
And take my soul to his side.



If you don't have a Beloved,  
 Why don't you want and search for one?  
 If you have reached the Beloved,  
 Why don't you rejoice and sing praises?

If your friend doesn't get along with you,  
 Why don't you be like him?  
 If the rebab doesn't play,  
 Why don't you twist its ear?

If your problem is being like Abu-Cehil,<sup>145</sup>  
 Why don't you fight with Abu-Cehil,  
 And with Abu Lehep?<sup>146</sup>

How amazing it is that you sit idle,  
 Wondering what these surprising things are.  
 You are the surprising one,  
 Not to get involved with this amazement.

You are earth's sun, why is your heart dark?  
 Wouldn't it be nice if you would have no more eclipses,  
 Nor go to the place where you reach an eclipse?

You are in the crucible, melting like gold,  
 To stop being greedy for the purse of gold.

Union is like a bachelor's room,  
 For the ones who say "Oneness."  
 Why don't you also separate everything,  
 Besides God, in your soul?  
 Why don't you give them up?

Have you seen any Mecnun  
Who is in love with two Leylas?  
Why aren't you also attracted  
By only one face, one cheek?

Since there is such a hidden Moon,  
In the darkness of your existence, why don't you get up,  
Pray and beg in the middle of the night?

This is not the first time you drank wine.  
You are an old drunk.  
But, God's wine doesn't get you in fights and trouble.

My wine is the wine of love,  
Also offered by God's hand.  
How come you don't make your soul  
Like firewood in this fire?  
Life will be Haram<sup>147</sup> for you.

Words have been floating around,  
But it is better to say them with soul,  
Not with lips.



# 260

Verse 3372

If you are drunk with wine,  
Why aren't you exuberant?  
If you don't have any wine,  
Why don't you say so?

If you drink three or four glasses  
From the glass of Soul's Jesus,  
Why don't you go beyond the fourth level of sky.

Why do you separate from the person  
With whom you get drunk?  
Why don't you stay away  
From the one who causes confusion in your head?

Why don't you put your kulah<sup>148</sup>  
To the side like the sun?  
Why don't you wear a belt like the moon,  
That was made of your own light?

When the sun of beauty,  
Which has no beginning of the beginning,  
Strikes his sword,  
Why don't you use your soul,  
Your heart as a shield like a garnet's mine?

If you taste ruby lips  
Whose breath is nice like sugar cane,  
Why don't you return to Him?  
Why don't you fill the earth with sugar?

If you become pregnant like a cloud from that sea,  
Why don't you resemble him?  
Why don't you rain pearls on the earth?

Rose faces are becoming exuberant from his face,  
Which resembles a rose garden.  
If you are not dishonest why don't you look and see it?

Look and see,  
That green-dressed charmer of the garden and meadow,  
Came to the temple of the Sultan,  
Who donates dresses and caftans.  
Why don't you go with them?

If you are dressed in a mantle from the spring of life,<sup>149</sup>  
If you have a paper of pedigree from him,  
Why don't you show it,  
Manifest inside of you, like a tree?

Since the world doesn't honor  
The poor, deprived person,  
Why don't you get involved with respectable living,  
At the assembly of nothing?



# 261

Verse 3383

Page 184 of Original Divan

Love's Burak<sup>150</sup> of essence took,  
And carried my mind, my heart.  
You ask me where?  
The place you don't know.

I have arrived at such an arch, such a place,  
That there, I saw no moon no sky.  
Earth ceased to exist there.

Let me take a breath,  
When I come back to my senses,  
Then I'll praise and explain the soul for you.  
You also have soul, listen carefully.

But, come closer, put your ear to my mouth.  
Because the wall has ears too, this is very secret.

The Beloved has all kinds of kindness and favors,  
They are unmatched, peerless.  
They enter through the ears like clear, bright lights.

Be a companion to the Hizir<sup>151</sup> of the mind,  
And reach the source of the fountain of life.  
Then, at morning you keep spreading light like the sun.

Just like Zuleyha<sup>152</sup> became younger  
With the effort of Joseph,  
This old world also reaches youth,  
Because of the kindness of this star.

Once the soul, which resembles the star Canopus,  
Rises from the direction of Yemen,  
The Moon, sun and pole  
Of the seven levels of sky all disappear.  
His glory demolishes all of them.

In one moment, put the religion,  
Which resembles a piece of gold,  
Under your tongue and find the essence inside of it.

They are all talking about you.  
People keep hurting you.  
You are pleasant and mature.  
You resemble a loaf of bread.  
That's why you are on everybody's tongue and mouth.

You are tapping your feet, dancing like a particle,  
Because light is reflected on your hand.  
You are heavy like sand  
That comes from dryness and wetness.

When sunrise says to black earth,  
"Since I became your friend,  
Now you have two conjunctions of planets."

You are not a goat who will climb,  
And play with the table where light is reflected.  
You are the lion-looking shepherd for the lion pride.

You illuminate five senses with the glory of heart.  
Senses are like five times Namaz.<sup>153</sup>  
Heart resembles seven verses of Fatiha.<sup>154</sup>



A voice comes every morning from the sky.  
"If you calm the dust of the road,  
You'll see a sign, then you'll go," it says.

Don't stay behind like a shameless coward.  
Don't hold tight the halter of determination.  
There are two armies in front of you,  
But you walk through like a sword.

Sugar came in front of you, saying, "Open your mouth."  
Why did you close your mouth like a pistachio,  
For sugar's invitation?

Take the tray of sugar, eat with the drum beats.  
Don't play with the drum of fables.  
Why are you always on the losing side?

You worship the sun because of Shems,  
Who is praised by Tebriz.  
Because he is the sun of knowledge,  
In front of that sun which is limited with space.



## Verse 3402

When you come to any heart you settle, like love.  
 Sweet joy springs up underneath, with exuberance,  
 From the bottom of the heart.

You are the Soul of soul of prayers;  
 You are the light to "Amen."  
 Because of this,  
 Prayer becomes a key for peoples needs and wishes.

O Heart, nobody puts up with your caprices  
 At the quarters of the tavern.  
 Don't be conceited, don't be too prudent,  
 So you can see the world.

At the stage of Elest-Bela,<sup>155</sup>  
 You were a Soul without a body.  
 He showed Himself to you.  
 Now, why do you worry about this and that?

You have such arms, such wings,  
 That they measure skies.  
 Why are you after the donkey, horse and saddles?

Tell me.  
 What did you look for that did not come your way?  
 Come. Come you are the Sultan of sultans.

You are the pearl of the crown of earth's Sultan.  
 You are a thousand dowries of the secret soul's bride.

Why do you fight with the earth  
And the rules of the earth?  
You are the one who makes  
And controls them behind the sky.

When you appear,  
All the angels prostrate in front of you.  
They don't hear the words of the people,  
Who belong to Satan,  
Saying, "You were created with mud."

You belted your waist, served the religion.  
From now on, they will serve you,  
Because you became religion.

They used to show you with their fingers, like a star.  
Now You are like the sun.  
You don't need to be shown.

Because coyness is your right,  
You don't need entreaty.  
It is better to be Ramin in order to be jealous of Visne.<sup>156</sup>

Be silent.  
You followed the verse of  
"Be silent and read," many times.<sup>157</sup>  
But now you've become, "I swear for the fig."<sup>158</sup>  
Enough. Leave the shell of word.



# 263

Verse 3415

Since you have gone too far,  
Come and tell us how you are.  
Once you become crazy, you tear your shirt and collar.

Your waves have wrecked the boat of my patience  
A thousand times.  
You are the waves of this endless sea of blood,  
Raise your head above it once.

Blood is the best wine.  
Heart is the best kebab.<sup>159</sup>  
You increase both of them.  
In fact, you keep increasing your cover everywhere.

Since I am drunk from you saying "Elest,"<sup>160</sup>  
Since I am annihilated with Your Being,  
Then find existence in that Absence;  
Since I broke the seal of love,  
I don't mind all the grief and suffering.

I searched so much outside.  
Then I saw the inner universe  
And was saved from searching.  
While looking around there,  
I turned into longing, I became love.

I used to have a heart, You took that.  
In fact, it wasn't heart, it was You.  
You are neither fire nor smoke.  
What kind of sorcery is that?  
What kind of spell?

O great sultan of Tebriz,  
Show your beautiful face.  
You are the one who shows images in the mirror  
Which resemble the soul.



# 264

Verse 3422

Ask the soul who is on a journey,  
"How are you?  
How do you do with the torture of this world,  
And our troubles?"

You resemble Jesus, with thoughts like the Jewish.  
"How do you get along with Jews?  
How do you handle them?"

Don't worry about enemies and strangers,  
They don't harm you,  
Because they are away from your eyes.  
"How do you do with your friends?"

O one who converses and gets along with people,  
Let me ask you, "How are you  
With the faithfulness of the unfaithful one?"

You are trying to fly away  
From the falcon of death,  
Like a bird trembling with fear.  
"How are you?"

Death appears to you like the end of everything.  
But, if you are not ignorant,  
You will see it is life for you.  
O, one who keeps running,  
"How are you?"



# 265

Verse 3428

You are my sky.  
I am like earth with this admiration.  
What do you grow in my chest,  
Moment by moment and time by time?

I am a dry, chap-lipped earth.  
Rain your kindness on me.  
Earth becomes a garden, a meadow with rain.

How does the earth know  
What You sowed in its heart?  
It is pregnant by You.  
You know what it carries.

Every particle is pregnant  
To a different secret from You.  
You made the pregnant woman  
Go through contractions, for awhile.

What is in the belly of pregnant earth?  
The one who calls himself "God"<sup>161</sup>  
Will be born from it,  
At the same time, the one who says,  
"I would praise myself free from fault."<sup>162</sup>  
Will also be born from it

Sometimes it cries and wails,  
Gives birth for the female camel.  
Sometimes a stick is dropped to the ground  
And becomes a snake.

The Prophet said, "Accept the believer as a camel."  
The believer is always God's drunk.  
God is the owner of the camel, drives him.

He sometimes puts a brand on him.  
Sometimes He puts grass in front of him.  
At other times He ties his feet  
With mind and reason.

Sometimes He pulls his leg,  
Pushes him to do a camel's dance;  
Wants him to break his ties,  
His halter and become crazy and drunk.

Look at the grass, the meadow,  
They cannot fit in their skin with their joy.  
The garden of soul gave them so many shapes,  
And adorned them with so many flowers.

Watch the power of expression of Universal Intellect.  
The unintelligent soil became a painter, because of it.  
Who makes paintings of souls?

But Universal Intellect is totally a curtain,  
Which covers the face of the sun of greatness,  
The sun to which there is no second.

It is a cover to the sun  
That has no beginning of the beginning,  
That never goes down.  
The light of His face  
Is neither a sign of the Zodiac nor Libra.



Shells are pregnant with God's pearl.  
They show everything inside, one by one.  
Be silent.



# 266

Verse 3442

You cannot see the branches,  
The fruits of that tree.  
You have three horns;  
Blindness, deafness and scabies.

You are submerged in water and still asking for water.  
You are in a treasure of gold,  
And still collecting counterfeit money.

God is telling you, "Open your eyes."  
Instead, you are twitching your nose.

You are a dark evening, go,  
Reach for the real morning.  
Don't tell me you are morning.  
Maybe. But it is a false one.

A yell came for drink  
From the helper who had attained help.  
I drank that wine until morning.  
Drunkenness became by cupbearer.

The ones who are free of restrictions,  
Drink wine all night long.  
They drink with the taste of a first-time believer.

But you have stayed behind those drunks  
Just like a tail.  
You are the drunk of the warm bed,  
The friend of the soft pillow.

You are ignorant of the blessings of the one,  
Who has reached Absence.  
You have no idea of their presence.  
You wash gold.  
You are an enemy of them.

The thing you eat is dirt, like a pregnant woman.  
It makes no difference,  
Either you are in the vegetable garden, or the orchard.

Summer and winter the snake eats dirt.  
It doesn't matter if the pomegranate smiles  
Or the figs become ripe.  
All the snake eats is dirt after dirt.

Although you have a beautiful shape,  
You are not entirely shape, you are the son of earth.  
Though you were born from earth  
You are not totally earth.

Come to your senses.  
Be silent.  
Satan made your tambourine wet.  
Because you resemble a book,  
You are asking for Divans.



# 267

Verse 3454

Meanings have been hidden  
From meaningless friends.  
Where shall I go  
That Satan won't appear in front of me?

Who has seen an orchard  
Where the head of a donkey  
Wasn't put up as a scarecrow?  
I looked all my life, couldn't find one.

Say to the painter  
"Don't paint this kind of picture."  
O Mani<sup>163</sup> don't make this kind of idol.

If all the paintings he does are like that,  
How lucky are the blind ones?

It is double trouble for Mecnun  
To deal with a rude person,  
And, at the same time, be separated from Leyla.

An ugly devil stuck his head  
Out from behind the curtain.  
I asked him if he was death or the battle.  
He answered, "Yes."

I said, "Yes, it is true.  
I haven't seen anybody  
From the army Abu Yahya<sup>164</sup> uglier than you.

"My heart is the place of God's kindness," I said,  
"There is no room for God's grievors over there.

At the day of judgment  
When they undress the ugly ones,  
They will start running  
Because of the nastiness of their faith.

While I was saying all these words,  
That devil was changed into a beautiful houri,  
By the power of God.

She was so charming, she didn't need makeup.  
Her hand was not adulterated with henna.

Just like a black thorn bush  
Challenges the rose in springtime.  
It was like that.

God has such peerless, matchless arts  
That He created the Tuba tree,<sup>165</sup>  
Changed hell to heaven and night to day.

If the person who sees God's miracle  
Had God's disposition,  
He would not be afraid,  
Even if he fell into the mouths of hundreds of snakes.

Look at the snake  
That first swallowed thousands of snakes,  
Then changed into an obedient staff  
In the hand of Moses.

But you are Pharaoh,  
That's why the staff cannot stay in your hand.  
You have stolen the dowry.  
It is better for him to be a snake for you.

Be silent.  
That pain and suffering are treasures for the noble ones.  
Fire is like a garden or meadow  
For the person who believes in heaven.



# 268

Verse 3471

⦿ teacher of soul, we are giving you a headache.

"How are you?"

O one who catches the heart of all charmers,

"What are you doing?"

O merciful Moon,

We bother you at night, we yell every dawn.

Those yells have reached you.

"How are you? How do you do?"

O one who doesn't sleep,

Sleep cannot get in his beautiful eyes.

"How are you after ringing bells,

Shouting at night guards?"

O stranger of sky, you have fallen on this earth.

"How sorry is that for you?"

O Beauty of the world of grace,

"How are you on this earth?"

Who cares for the sun?

You keep turning like the sun.

Who asks the rose garden,

"O rose garden, how are you?"

"How are you?" they ask

Of the one whose face is pale.

"What bothers your heart?"

But they don't bother to ask the one

Whose face is pink like a juda tree.

Someone with an ugly face,  
Asked the mirror, "How are you?"  
"I am as bright as a light." the mirror answered.  
"How are you O charlatan?"

The ugly one said, "I talk backward,  
Like the field that asks the sky,  
"How do you do?"

I open my mouth.  
I am covered all over by cracks.  
See my dry lips?  
Have your wine ask, "O mouth, how are you?"

Suddenly a river starts flowing  
On my soul when You ask me,  
"How are you?"  
And the river asks the soul,  
'How are you?"

You tell the rest of this.  
My head has become heavy with drunkenness  
Which came from your lips.  
Ask my head, "O heavy head,"  
You say, "How are you?"





# 269

Verse 3482

**Y**ou are thousands of happy souls,  
Thousands of pearl's mines.  
Soul will be sacrificed to Your Beauty.  
You are the One who gave soul to the earth.

You added souls to Soul when You appeared  
From concealed curtains, like the Moon,  
In the land of Absence.  
You grabbed such circles from the hearts.

When You ride Your horse in the battle,  
You raise so much dust from the sea with the drop,  
That when you squeeze it from one particle  
You overflow thousands of oceans.

You are chosen from the world of existence.  
You cheer, brighten the eyes.  
You give the happiness of two worlds with one look.

Straighten everything which is bent in this world.  
Make them as straight as an arrow,  
And pull the bow of time.

When Heart praises you,  
Tells you that you are the sultan  
Of security and forgiveness,  
The firmament neither tastes poison  
Nor does fear or fright remain in the world.

The sky is a slave, a servant for You.  
You are neither the Moon nor the stars.  
But, if You shake Your sleeve,  
You scatter thousands of Moons to the earth.

When You are born in the chest that resembles sky,  
You show thousands of Moons.  
In one moment You are this, for sure.  
In the next moment, You are that.

Shems, the one Tebriz praises;  
When you sit once like the master,  
You set hundreds of times  
In front of your feet like servants and slaves.



## Verse 3491

Thousands of great souls  
 Will be sacrificed to the Sultan.  
 The hand of disbelief hasn't set a saddle on him,  
 Hasn't defeated him once.

He took the candle of faith to his grave  
 To illuminate the darkness of his grave,  
 In spite of all the wind and storm.

Who could take the ring of love  
 That makes giants and fairies slaves,  
 From the hand of body's Satan?  
 Solomon is the one who could.

Who could penetrate the shield of disbelievers,  
 Other than God's lion and His sword?

How lucky is that person who runs  
 And carries gifts of agate and coral  
 In his leather bag, like Abu Hurayra.<sup>167</sup>


Sorrow doesn't go in front of his coffin  
 According to the rule. His good deeds do.  
 They go by tearing the collar, sleeves.

When he goes from house to grave,  
 From the grave to the Beloved,  
 A joy appears in the shroud,  
 The bier almost comes to life.



# 271

Verse 3498

 Sometimes You enter the heart.  
Sometimes You are born from soul.  
Sometimes You cry, sing a song of separation.  
What glory, what favor are You!

Sometimes You are the Beauty of the Beautiful.  
Sometimes You are the One who breaks idols.  
Sometimes You are neither this nor that.  
What glory, what favor are You!

Man runs with his feet,  
Angel flies by its wings  
Even if they find nothing but failure.  
What glory, what favor are You!

When man doesn't have feet  
And angel loses his wings,  
When they are free from them,  
They will know You are in that Absence.  
What glory, what favor are You!

You sit on my eyes  
Like the taste of drunkenness,  
But You have blocked the way of understanding.  
What glory, what favor are You!

You run like an image,  
Talk and feel in the heart that You choose.  
What glory, what favor are You!

What a kingdom, what profit You are.  
What a fire, what a smoke.  
What senses, what an incense.  
What glory, what favor are You!

What a Soul, comfort You are.  
What a ship, a Noah You are.  
What a blessing, a windfall You are.  
What glory, what favor are You!

Your troubles pulled the skirt of Soul  
Toward the secret treasure.  
What glory, what favor are You?

When He pulled him to the treasure,  
He separated him from the people.  
Nobody will see him anymore.  
What glory, what favor are You!

I ask You "Who is this one?  
Does he want me to talk?  
Does he have a desire to listen?"  
But be silent, silent, it is enough of words.  
What glory, what favor are You!

What is desire?  
O my Soul, don't laugh at me, don't hurt me.  
Show me the way, squeeze me in somewhere.  
What glory, what favor are You!

All the worlds love for You.  
But You are hidden from everyone.  
At the same time You are obvious everywhere.  
You resemble Soul, exactly.  
What glory, what favor are You!

You boil me down like a saucepan,  
Then ask me to, "Be silent.  
Why are You overflowing?"  
Is it time for patience, is it time for silence?  
What glory, what favor are You!

Boil my heart's saucepan, my water, my earth.  
Tear my record, my writing.  
What glory, what favor are You!

Burn, that I become mature.  
I will talk about burning.  
My attributes will become like aloe wood.  
What glory, what favor are You!

Don't give His news anymore.  
It is time to drink His wine.  
Finish the words with wine.  
What glory, what favor are You!



# 272

Verse 3514

Page 186 of original Divan,

Once more we came to that Master's temple.  
Where none of the sea could reach His knees.

You cannot reach Him  
With thousands of minds, thoughts.  
How could a hand, a foot reach the Moon in the sky?

Even the sky raised its head to kiss Him.  
He was unable to kiss, but had a taste of that.

Thousands of lips have tried to reach His lips,  
Begging for quails and sweetmeats to be dropped  
From the sky to their head.

Again, we have reached the temple  
Of such a Beloved that we hear  
The humdrum sounds from His air.

Again, we arrived at the temple  
Of the One inseparable from us.  
If there is no water carrier,  
The water skin won't be filled.

Again we have arrived at that harem.  
It is such a place, that heads  
Prostrate like the sky there.

Again, we come to the garden and meadow  
Where the nightingale is the phoenix,  
Who is servant and slave for Him.

The water skin is always attached  
To the water carrier and says,  
"Without You, I have no hand, no wrist, no palm."

Again. Again we come to that assembly  
That mouth that keeps chewing sugars  
From His appetizers.

Again we come to the temple of sky  
Where soul keeps having thunder,  
Even when he is silent.

Again, we come to the temple of Love,  
Where even Satan gives birth to fairies,  
By His reprimand there.

Be silent.  
Complete the rest of them  
Under your tongue, inside.  
Because there is a good tutor  
To watch and educate you.

Don't talk too much about Shemseddin,  
Whom Tebriz praises.  
Because the words of mind cannot describe him.





# 273

Verse 3529

**M**y heart has been flying  
With a new love since early dawn.  
Because the One who sets the trap,  
Has plans for me.

I wonder what kind of dream  
My heart saw last night,  
That I have such exuberance in my head?

But what could my heart do?  
Envoys, whom fate and destiny sent,  
Are coming to my heart from above.

The house of heart is filled by these people  
Who don't understand a word.  
There is no room for even a small excuse.

There is no excuse.  
Even if there was one, where is the tongue?  
Where is the Heart?  
There is no way to escape.  
Even if there was one,  
Where are the feet to escape, for me?

The world is like a piece of straw.  
We are the torrent coming from the mountain.  
We will flow until we reach the sea.

The torrent cries, cascades in rough places.  
But its flow, step by step,  
Is also a very nice thing to see.

How can I not cry in His hands?  
He holds my mouth like a shrill pipe  
With His hands.

My desires and worries have  
Sat in deep thought,  
Saying, "What should I do tomorrow?"  
He doesn't know that there is no tomorrow.

I am a slave, a servant for Love.  
He only works with cash.  
He neither knows the time, the promise  
Nor the worries.



# 274

Verse 3539

Since early dawn,  
My heart has been caught by love.  
Since early dawn, it has fallen  
In an untimely, strange fancy.

How can one not say "Ah" to that.  
That charmer had started a fire,  
Which has been blazing,  
Flame by flame, ever since.

I have been casting the spell of wailing  
For His dragon of sorrow.  
That its breath is like fire,  
But my wails are like the water carrier.

I wonder where my heart was yesterday,  
That a new paleness appeared on his face.  
He became completely yellow, pale.

Don't come to my body  
Which turned into a pile of ashes  
Without fear or restraint.  
Because underneath those ashes  
There is a fire, there is an ocean.

O Beloved, You look for his fire.  
I am going with songs, deceit and tricks.

My heart has been broken  
By the Beloved's whistling,  
Because Love has such a powerful breath,  
My heart resembles a shrill pipe.

My heart has been searching for Him  
With His love.  
How fiery is His search,  
He has such feet of steel.

I mentioned fire for Shems of Tebriz,  
Because I want his light  
To illuminate everywhere.



# 275

Verse 3548

Come.

Come that I become  
Depressed by your suffering.  
Come through the door, come that  
My Soul comes to my lips with loneliness.

Perhaps.

Perhaps You left the house  
To ask how I feel.  
See? See, I am exhausted with madness, insanity.

Give.

Give what gift you brought to me.  
Put it in front of me.  
Put, sit and rest for a while.

Don't.

Don't go.  
Why are you leaving so early?  
And tell. Tell why you return so late.

I am out of breath,  
Yelling from your separation.  
I become depressed not seeing  
Your face, time by time.

Don't.

Don't look for a new way to torture.  
Don't, because our affair  
Is turning into a disgrace.

Go.

Go.

Why do you go with swaying and coquetry?

Come.

Come by bending up and down

With grace and charm.



# 276

Verse 3555

You are either the light of soul's eye,  
Or our two eyes.  
Because you keep adding light  
To the light of our eyes, our sight.

You are like the Sun.  
My heart is a shadow behind you.  
He keeps his eyes on you, moving everywhere.

I have a warm feeling inside of me  
Since I have worn the service belt in your presence.  
Like sugar cane, I have been chewing sugar.

Our drinks, sustenance come like cash  
From the mine of your favor and kindness.  
I have no business for tomorrow  
Because of the kingdom of your lip's love.

All these beauties carried water  
To the thirsty love's travelers,  
Pitcher after pitcher,  
From the river of beauty.

How lucky are the thirsty  
That they received news  
From the real source of that clean, pure water.

Now they will break their jars of form with stone  
And drink your water of life  
From the exalted heights.

O Master of masters, Shemseddin,  
Whom Tebriz praises,  
If you really come back,  
Hundreds of wishes become realities.  
We reach our hundreds of desires.





# 277

Verse 3563

I arrived at a well full of water,  
Like a water carrier.  
Suddenly a great of the greatest Joseph  
Climbed from the bottom of the well.

I quickly entreated him.  
The smell of his shirt opened my eyes.  
I started seeing everything.

I looked at the well with confusion.  
What did I see?  
The well became a valley with his charm.

Whenever the Moses of Soul arrives  
With his promise to talk,  
Even if it is the grave,  
That place turns into Mount Sinai.

The rival said, "Go away from the well."  
Started telling me stories,  
But I won't go anywhere as long as You are there.

It is not surprising if the One  
Who brought thousands of dead to life  
Rejuvenates one old man.

Thousands of treasures are nothing  
In front of this mine.  
Thousands of pieces of silver  
Are scattered for an elegant face like this.

The world is like a mirror,  
Full of your shape.  
But it is much better to watch your face directly,  
Without a mirror.

You say the words.  
There is no thought, no mind, no worry  
Left in my head  
Because of the sweetness of your lips.



# 278

Verse 3572

Since You put the Seal of Solomon on both worlds,  
Since You took both worlds to your order,  
Don't leave like that,  
That doesn't fit the rule of love.

The heart neither ties any knot,  
Nor accepts any advice.  
I turn into a bale of sugar.  
You are inside of me and in every bit outside.

You are the freshness of jasmine.  
The beauty and brightness of grass and meadows.  
Are you myself?  
Or do you resemble the mirror?

You are a light reflected on  
The five senses and six dimensions  
There is beauty everywhere.  
When You set the table of love,  
You bring water from stone.

What chemistry of gold are You?  
What brightness do You give to the Moon?  
When You entered the chest like a heart,  
You adorned thousands of chests, enriched them.

I have been isolated from the people,  
Because love tied my hands.  
I went, settled down at the land of Absence,  
I have nothing to do with yelling and crying.

Your Love has burned my harvest.  
There is neither soul nor body left.  
Even if You squeeze a thousand times more,  
You cannot find a trace of existence.

Page 187 of original Divan,

I drink that pure, clear wine from a clean glass  
And then start talking about your love.  
If you are a stove full of fire,  
I am pure gold. I come to You.

Heart won't even bother the heavens  
When Your garden of love is mentioned.  
Because even if You sow stones, jewels will grow there.

The heart that has been in love with You  
Cannot get along with this world.  
Because Your love won't leave him alone  
For even one moment.

O Shems, whom Tebriz praises,  
Give the rest of the wine.  
Put a saddle on Love's Burak<sup>168</sup>  
You are the best rider.



# 279

Verse 2583

**A**t early dawn I was caught by a drunk,  
Who had a glass in his hand, like the sun.

The spring of his face made this world a rose garden.  
The sky lowered itself toward his beautiful stature.

He grabbed me as I was drunkenly thinking,  
Figuring if there was a way,  
An excuse, to run away from him.

He said, "Don't try to deceive us.  
Even if all your body becomes deceit,  
Don't think you will be free from yourself,  
From us, don't even think."

He served me that wine.  
It was such a wine that,  
If the sky drank one drop of it,  
It would fall down to earth.

O Shems of Tebriz, the one the days praise,  
Shine, brighten this world.  
O Soul, who has fallen into that sea,  
You are candle. You are light.



# 280

Verse 3589

*(Failatun, failatun, failatun, failat)*

If you think there is anyone  
Who can match your beauty, there is none.  
If you think I can find peace and happiness without you,  
There is none.

The sky is turning, good or bad, for something.  
If you think the sky does anything  
But serve your earth,  
There is nothing else.

Years have passed by,  
We are still like a doorknob.  
But it is not shame to be a doorknob for your door.

We become frightened at every image  
At the door of thought.  
Does the master have any image here?  
Absolutely none.

O my heart, which searches and finds,  
Knows the secrets.  
Is there anybody who knows the secrets of heart  
At the temple of my Sultan, my Keykavus<sup>169</sup>  
Besides Selahaddin?  
There is none.



# 281

Verse 3594

*(Mefaulun, failatun, mefaillun, failat)*

**B**etween the darkness of sleep  
And the light of awakening,  
In the dark of evening I saw such a person.

He was a beautiful-faced traveler  
To the Holy Temple.  
He was pure wisdom, the light of awareness.

His body was blessed like the soul.  
He was undressed from the flesh.  
He was essence like soul,  
Like mind, he was not an attribute.

He praised me for a while and said,  
"O one who got stuck in the hell of nature,

The sign of Gemini has set a table for your drink.  
How can you stick your head  
In the stink hole of the universe?

Although your throne today  
Is the throne of seven skies.  
Because of nature you have been caged in four walls.  
You are in prison.

Don't expect progress of your soul  
From food and sleep, like animals.  
You were born different,  
Not for those kinds of works.

Don't harm anybody, because you will  
Harvest with the sickle of time whatever you sow  
In this field of short crops.

You struggle through in this world,  
To reach your goals.  
When you win in trouble and difficulties  
You think you have reached comfort and happiness,  
But the situation is not like that.

Really, the stomach of greed,  
And ambition can never be satiated.  
If you put all the world's possessions  
And belongings in, it will never be filled.

Assuming you have everything you want,  
What's the use?  
When you go you will leave all of them here.

O my friend, the night of your youth  
Is coming to an end.  
But you are still in deep sleep like a drunk.  
You have no idea of wakefulness.





## Verse 3606

That rough, brave warrior Turk  
 Came to make peace, held my hand,  
 And said, "God's mercy on you."

I asked about fortune, its crooked way of turning.  
 He bit his lips, saying,  
 "Leave these words which have no beginning, no end."

I asked him, "Why does fortune turn like that?"  
 "Wet wood burns with smoke," he answered.

"Did you hear any news?" I asked.  
 "New news doesn't go through old ears," he said.

I said, "Your zeal is great.  
 Your eyes are small and slanted.  
 If you know the secret, come and tell."

"My eyes are not small," he said,  
 "But the road is too narrow.  
 Look at my narcissus eyes,  
 Try to find a road from them to Him."



## NOTES

- 1 It is an old belief that mercy comes from the liver.
- 2 Rind: Branch of Sufi, jolly, unconventional, humorous.
- 3 This gazel is a satire for someone who likes to argue.
- 4 Safi: Pure, clean. Adam was named Safi-Allah.
- 5 Mecnun: Character in Persian love story.
- 6 Kadir's night. 27th of Ramaden, when the Koran was revealed to Mohammed.
- 7 Cunejd: (d.909) A great Sufi.
- 8 Beyazid: (d.874) Another great Sufi.
- 9 Eyaz: Slave of Mahmut of Gazne.
- 10 Sagrak: A big
- 11 Koran: 11-60
- 12 Koran: VI-125, XXIX-22
- 13 Conical hat.
- 14 Rebab: Three stringed violin with a body made from a coconut shell
- 15 Burak" Traditional name of horse which carried Mohammed on His ascension.
- 16 Houri's: Beautiful girls in heaven.
- 17 Gilman: A youth educated for the sultan's service.
- 18 Hoopoe: The bird which was not present at the assembly of Solomon. It later arrived and brought news from the Queen of Sheeba.
- 19 Tavaf: The ceremony of going round the Kaaba at the pilgrimage to Mecca.
- 20 Kafdag: Legendary mountain where the Phoenix lives.
- 21 CVI Sure of Koran. Kuresh Sure.
- 22 Divan's Istanbul University version. This line reads, "In order to embrace, kiss Rum's beauties."
- 23 This line is also, "The negro has connection with that Rum." at Istanbul University's version.
- 24 This gazel seems to be a letter to Shems.
- 25 Mirac: Mohammed's ascent to heaven.
- 26 Dadjdjal: One-eyed legendary person who will arrive just before the last day of judgment.
- 27 This gazel is written in Arabic.

- 28 Kevser: River in heaven.
- 29 Bilal: Freed negro slave whose voice was powerful and harmonious, the first time, by the wish of Prophet Mohammed, he called the believers to prayers from the roof of the Mosque.
- 30 Koran XVII-70
- 31 The Caliph Ali.
- 32 Ali's white horse, given to him by the Prophet Mohammed.
- 33 Koran CXII, CXIII, CXIV
- 34 Amul: City in Southern Iran in the province of Mazenderan.
- 35 Khadis (Cami-al Saguyr I, p.102)
- 36 Koran: LXXXIX-28
- 37 Koran: XVII,71; XXXIX,67; LXIX, 19; LXXXIV,7.
- 38 Koran VII-172, 173.
- 39 This gazel may be a letter to Shems.
- 40 Burah: Legendary horse the Prophet rode for Ascension.
- 41 According to the last verse, this poem most likely was written after Shem's death. Adn: (Permanency) attributed to heaven. Also giving the name of a city in heaven where Prophets and Martyrs reside.
- 42 Habibi Neccar: He was killed because he believed in Jesus. In the Koran (XXXVI, 20-27) he was mentioned as saying, "I wish my tribe knew how God put me in high places."
- 43 Kipti: A gypsy.
- 44 The river Nile became blood to Egyptian Pharoah but water to the Son of Israel.
- 45 Behram: Mars.
- 46 Mahmud: (d. 1030) Emperor who conquered Karezmi and Afghanistan.
- 47 Rind: A sect of Sufi order known for their jolly, unconventional manner.
- 48 Helal: Religiously permissible.
- 49 Haram: Religiously forbidden.
- 50 This poem is telling about the killing of Rukneddin Kilicarslan, a Selcuk ruler, by the Mongols. (Eflaki)
- 51 Apparently Mevlana was contemplating going to Damascus.
- 52 Semender: A legendary animal that lives in fire.

- 53 Enel Hak: I am the truth (I am God.) Famous words of Mansour.
- 54 Koran: VII 172, 173.
- 55 Taraz: City in Asia famous for its candles.
- 56 Burak: Legendary white horse the prophet rode in ascension.
- 57 Namaz: Muslim worshipping.
- 58 Fatiha: 1st Sura (chapter) of Koran.
- 59 Elif, Dal, Cim: Letters of Arabic alphabet.
- 60 The word of Allah (God) has the Arabic alphabet of "He" at the end.
- 61 Tenzih: Declares that God is devoid of all humanly attributes.
- 62 Kulhuallah: Koran CXII.
- 63 The one who believes in Teshbih.
- 64 Teshbih: Attributes human attributes to God.
- 65 Koran XV, 29
- 66 Koran XII, 62-66 (Joseph)
- 67 Bunyamin: One of Joseph's eleven brothers, who didn't harm Joseph.
- 68 Koran XXXVIII-35 "He said, 'My Lord, forgive me and give me a Kingdom'."
- 69 He read this verse once to Seraceddin-i Tabari. At another time to a Sufi who said he was serving his master. Mevlana asked, "But what did he do for you?" (Eflaki, p.317 & Yazici, p.515)
- 70 Bulamac: Thick soup made with flour, butter and sugar.
- 71 Tekbir: Proclaiming the greatness of God in the formula, "God is most great." Four tekbir are pronounced at funeral.
- 72 The four creeds of the Sunni: Hanefi, Shaffi, Malidir, Hanbeli.
- 73 This gazel is most likely a letter to Shems of Tebriz.
- 74 Kil: Fuller's earth. Used in old times, even presently in small villages in Anatolia, as a shampoo.
- 75 Koran L-16
- 76 Four rivers of heaven: Seyhan, Ceyhan, Euphrates and Nile. (Khadis-Muslim VIII-149)

- 77 It is an old saying that Alexander searched for the fountain of life at the junction of two seas with Hizir and Ilias.
- 78 Yecuc and Mecuc: Koran XVIII-94, XXI-96; the old Testament also mentioned Camus and Macus, sons of Noah's son, Yafer. Yecuc and Mecuc are evil spirits, according to scripture.
- 79 Leyla and Mecnun: Characters in Arabic love story.
- 80 Vize is the lover of Ramin in an Indian love story.
- 81 Sema: Whirling dance.
- 82 Jacob became blind with the sorrow of His son. Joseph sent his shirt to him. By touching this, his eyes were opened. (Koran XII 93-96)
- 83 Kaymaz, Sencer: Turkish names.
- 84 The first line of this verse is not in Konya's version of the Divan.
- 85 After the first line, the second line of the previous verse is written in the Konya version.
- 86 Not. No. Lailaheillallah- "There is no God, but God."
- 87 Quote from Bayezid-i Bestami.
- 88 Hasan: A random name.
- 89 Burak: The white horse on which the prophet ascended to heaven.
- 90 Irem: Legendary garden in heaven. "Garden of Eden."
- 91 Koran VII-172, 173
- 92 Hamam: A Turkish bath.
- 93 Duldul: The white horse the Prophet gave to Ali.
- 94 Abu Lehab: Uncle of Prophet Muhammed. He did not believe in Muslim and worked against it. (Koran CXI)
- 95 Halepo: Special kind of bottle made at Halepo.
- 96 Rebab: A three-stringed violin.
- 97 Iman: A religious leader.
- 98 Shuayb: Father-in-law of Moses.
- 99 Arefe: Day before the Bairam holiday.
- 100 This gazel is a eulogy for someone.
- 101 A story told in detail in the Mesnevi. V. II p. 30-35.
- 102 Gulyabani: Djinns who live in the desert and make passengers lose their way.

- 103 Medi: Rightly guided. (Muslim, Messiah.)
- 104 Hadi: One who shows the right way.
- 105 Oshur: One tenth of government taxes from the harvest.
- 106 Cyneyd: A famous Sufi who died in 909.
- 107 Beshr: Beshr ibn Al Horis (d.871)
- 108 Koran III-9: "God will not fail the tryst. "
- 109 Pir: Founder of an order of dervishes.
- 110 Koran LVII,18 - LXIV,17
- 111 Sign of the Zodiac.
- 112 Tander: An oven made in a hole in the earth.
- 113 According to the old belief, the universe is composed of 18,000 fragments. One of God's names, (Leay) meaning "Eternally alive" is equal to 18 (the first mnemonic formula of the Arabic letters, according to their numerical value.
- 114 Cebri: A sect which totally denies man's will.
- 115 Kaderi: A sect which believes in individual will.
- 116 Sema: Whirling dance performed as a ritual.
- 117 Mergoz and Buhara: Cities in Central Asia.
- 118 Zuleyha and Yusuf: Characters in famous love story.
- 119 Tambur: A stringed instrument.
- 120 Koran: C, 9-10
- 121 Bulgar: Turkish tribe.
- 122 Bulgur: Cracked wheat.
- 123 Hamam: Turkish bath.
- 124 Hitay Turk: Turks who live in western China.
- 125 Koran, 11-30: "I am setting in earth, a Viceroy."
- 126 Israfil: The angel who will blow the trumpet on the day of resurrection.
- 127 Harezm: Territory in Asia and Middle East in the 12th and 13th century.
- 128 Nisabur: City in Asia.
- 129 Old Testament: XI-XII. Koran: XXXVIII 21-25.
- 130 Koran: XVII-70
- 131 Nesritair: A vulture. Also a star located in the West.

- 132 Omer: Second Khalif.
- 133 Hızir: Legendary person who attained immortality by drinking the water of life. Comes as a Godsend.
- 134 Somak: Small seeds put in meat for taste enhancement.
- 135 Pure emerald: Old belief that the glitter of emerald stops snakes and dragons.
- 136 Kıpçak: A Turkish tribe.
- 137 Mutezile: The name of a Muslim sect which accepts individual responsibility.
- 138 Koran: XXV 45-46
- 139 Koran VII, 143: Manifestation.
- 140 Bunyamin: One of Joseph's eleven brothers.
- 141 Koran XII 65-83
- 142 The last two verses of this poem are in Arabic.
- 143 Borani: A meal made of vegetables and yogurt.
- 144 Mevlana was reciting this gazel during Sema, when Dervish Ishak, who was sent by Hacı Bektash, arrived to ask, "Why all this commotion? If you find out, keep quiet, if not, search." Baba Ishak took this gazel as an answer and returned. (Eflaki-Menakib-ul Arifin - Onder, V. I p.410-411)
- 145 Abu-Cehil: The father of ignorance.
- 146 Abu Lehep: An enemy of Islam
- 147 Haram: Religiously forbidden.
- 148 Kulah: A conical hat.
- 149 To wear a mantle given by a Sheik is to receive a degree in Sufism.
- 150 Burak: name of horse which carried the Prophet Mohammed to ascension.
- 151 Hızir: A legendary person who arrives and helps in critical moments.
- 152 Zuleyha-Zeliha: Wife of the pharaoh's finance minister who fell in love with Joseph, caused him to be thrown into jail, and later married him.
- 153 Namaz: Ritual worship.

- 154 Fatiha: 1st chapter of Koran.
- 155 Elest-Bela: NEED FOOTNOTE
- 156 Ramin and Visne: An Indo-Persian love story.
- 157 Sure: Chapter of Koran XCVI
- 158 Koran CVI
- 159 Kebab: Roasted meat.
- 160 Elest: "Am I not your God?" Koran VII-172.
- 161 Referring to Mansour.
- 162 Referring to Bestami.
- 163 Mani: The maker of idols.
- 164 Abu Yahya: The angel of death.
- 165 Tuba tree: A tree grown by the power of God. Its  
branches and leaves cover heaven.
- 166 This gazel may be someone's eulogy.
- 167 Abu Hurayra (d. 677) A disciple of the Prophet who is  
remembered for his fondness for cats. He carried gifts in  
two leather bags.
- 168 Burak: The name of the horse which carried the Prophet  
in Ascension.
- 169 Keykavus-Keykubad: A legendary great king.
- 170 This gazel is in Istanbul University, not in Konya.



**archegos**

